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CORRESPONDENCE

Where is thy sting?

Sacramento Spectator (*CPR*, Sept./Oct.) writes, "You just happen to have a fund raiser two days before a committee or floor vote on legislation that has been pending for a year or more. All readers who think a lobbyist can say 'no' in this situation please raise your hands." Didn't the FBI, Justice Department, and Dan Walters several years ago conduct a "sting" to end purported "vote-selling," sending legislators to prison and turning the Capitol upside down? What did I miss?

Jason Frank
San Francisco

Logophile lauds Criticus

A thank you note for "Sirius Matters" ("Criticus," *CPR*, July/August 2000). A retired professor and active logophile, I was especially charmed by this roundup of follies. Your writings are customarily the part of the *Review* that I read first. Please keep it up!

W.S. Penn, Jr., Ph.D.
Ultracrepidarian Society of America
Davis, California

Criticus Responds:

When I first saw letterhead from something called the Ultracrepidarian Society of America I figured I'd been found out and was in for a drubbing. After all, I had just been privately lambasted by my zeppelin-fiend friend for saying that blimps are deflated each night when in fact they are deflated very infrequently because refilling one with helium is costly. I assumed a similar charge would be coming from the USA, and I was preparing my Algorean answer, which was that I only appeared to be saying they were deflated every night when what I was trying to convey was that they could be deflated every night just as their newspaper counterpart (viz., the L.A. Times*) was by nighttime an empty piece of trash. That seemed the only way to wiggle out of it. Imagine my delight, then, to read the above letter and find that it was complimentary and not even on the blimp topic. My best thanks to Mr. Penn.*

Oh, yes, for those few readers who may not know what "ultracrepidarian" means, let me offer you the official Oxford English Dictionary definitions. As an adjective: "Going beyond one's proper province; giving opinions of matters beyond one's knowledge." As a noun: "One who ventures beyond his scope; an ignorant or presumptuous critic." Constant Readers may say, "Not Criticus surely." Criticus feels compelled to say, "Well, maybe on rare occasions."

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B3. Paid circulation, Newstands	5	5
B4. Other paid, mail circulation	23	0
C. Total paid circulation	1474	1341
D1. Out-of-County free distribution periodicals mail	313	301
D2. In County free distribution periodicals mail	65	61
D3. Other free distribution by mail	0	0
E. Free distribution, not mail	0	30
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G. Total distribution	1852	1733
H. Copies not distributed	368	477
I. Total	2220	2210
J. Percent paid and/or requested circulation	80%	79%

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. John Kurzweil, Editor

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No More Souters

President George W. Bush must avoid repeating his father's 'Souter' mistake (and seek to repeat his brilliant Clarence Thomas nomination) in filling Supreme Court vacancies.

MARK S. PULLIAM

By all accounts the presidential race is a dead heat, too close to call. Politics is often that way. In California, the GOP lost control of the state Assembly in 1996 by a few thousand votes (total) in swing districts. In elective politics, however, term limits guarantee change, and no election is more enduring than the next. Campaigns ebb and flow like the tides.

The judiciary is not nearly as transitory. Judges, once appointed, may serve for decades. Stanley Mosk, appointed by Governor Pat Brown (Jerry's father) in 1964, just celebrated his 36th anniversary on the California Supreme Court, a record. The greatest legacy a governor or president can leave is his judicial appointments, men and women who will continue to serve long after their sponsor has left office. Legacies work both ways: the lens of time magnifies good appointments as well as errors of judgment. History remembers that President Nixon appointed William Rehnquist to the U.S. Supreme Court and that Ronald Reagan appointed Antonin Scalia, and that George Bush appointed Clarence Thomas. These conservative jurists steadfastly shape the law despite succeeding elections and shifting political administrations. But history also recalls that Republican presidents appointed Earl Warren, William Brennan, Harry Blackmun, John Paul Stevens, and David Souter, five of the most liberal judges in modern times. The same phenomenon occurs at the state level. Gray Davis may wield a mighty veto pen, but he has yet to name a justice to the California Supreme Court. Governor Pete Wilson is all but forgotten as a political figure, but Justice Janice Brown, whom he appointed, is just hitting her stride.

The moral is that George W. Bush, if he is elected president, must take his judicial appointments seriously, especially those to the U.S. Supreme Court. He should strive to find the soundest, most resolute candidates available to fill vacancies on the bench, so that the voters who elected him will admire, rather than deride, his legacy. All too often, after being sworn in, judges start preening themselves for flattery from a different audience — the overwhelmingly liberal group of bar activists, law professors, and reporters who comprise the "legal establishment." Sometimes the "Greenhouse Effect" (Republican U.S. Supreme Court appointees' tendency to move left, courting praise from the *New York Times)* is difficult to predict, especially when an appointee has little or no track record of prior judicial rulings. But other times warning signs are apparent if one takes the time to look for them.

For example, assume hypothetically that President George W. Bush (knock on wood) were to consider appointing California Chief Justice Ron George to the U.S. Supreme Court when a vacancy arose. Superficially, George would make a good candidate. He has nearly 30 years of judicial service, trial and appellate; a brief but illustrious background as a prosecutor; and a decade of experience on what used to be the nation's most prestigious and influential state court. Even though he is a

Mark S. Pulliam, California Political Review's *legal issues correspondent, is an attorney in private practice in San Diego.*

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SACRAMENTO SPECTATOR

In a recent between-issues column (posted on *CPR's* website — *www.cppf.org* — in August), I reported on the sullen, grouchy mood of Sacramento Democrats after the GOP convention. That has changed since Algore's "kisses sweeter than wine" performance at his convention and the ensuing bounce he received. These same Democrats, all sack cloth and ashes before, are now cocky and confident, visions of landslides dancing in their heads.

Your *Spectator* suspects that the actual situation out there — at least on the presidential level — lies between these two Democrat mood extremes. Bush could carry California (at least as of this writing in early October) given the right developments. However he can also make it to the Oval Office without California, and I believe that is still the most likely outcome.

Unfortunately, the Democrats' braggadocio appears to be well justified when it comes to legislative races. The culprit is money, mainly the Democrat's having almost literally more than they can use. The Republicans, given historical norms, actually have done a decent job of fund raising, so the fault isn't a lack of effort on their part. The culprit is the business community's total sell-out to Governor Davis, Speaker Hertzberg, and Senate Leader Burton.

The legislative financial equation usually works out that unions give about 90 percent of their money to Democrats and business interests give about 65 percent — 70 percent to Republicans. That has in the past allowed the GOP to be competitive, and sometimes more, with the Democrats. This year while the unions have done their usual distribution, a majority of business dollars are probably ending up with Democrat candidates. The result is a huge financial disparity, one that bodes *very* ill for Republican legislative chances.

The Democrats are boasting they will reduce the current GOP Assembly caucus of 32 by 2 to 4 seats, and the current 15 GOP Senators by 1 or 2. Republican insiders "in the know," while not denying this could happen, say it is a worst case outcome. But that their *best* case outcome now is to add just 2-to-4 in the Assembly and 1-to-2 in the Senate indicates how modest expectations have become.

Your *Spectator* only hopes that if the Democrats do sit astride the Legislature like a colossus next year, the Republicans will resist the urge to fall on their swords defending these same business interests when the socialists in the Democrat caucuses inevitably take aim at them. Next year's California Legislature may well resemble the Russian Duma ideologically. If so, the GOP should let the comrades work their will with business, no matter how extreme or draconian the measure. Business will have created this monster, they will richly deserve the pummeling they get when it turns on them..

In the meantime, the rest of the GOP might do well to notice just how wobbly the Pete Wilson, "fiscally conservative, socially moderate" coalition turns out to be. Held together by no strong conservative principles — only by self-serving opportunism — it has split apart at the first sign of stiff opposition. And Tom Campbell, the darling of this GOP sub-faction, is a political orphan with nothing to offer liberals that they cannot get better elsewhere, and too little to offer anyone else to give his campaign any spark.

—A.P.C.

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Republican, he was appointed to the bench and promoted through the years by a bipartisan and ideologically mixed assortment of governors — Ronald Reagan, Jerry Brown, George Deukmejian, and Pete Wilson — and Dianne Feinstein co-chaired his 1998 retention election campaign. The legal establishment considers him an outstanding judicial administrator and he was reconfirmed with 75 percent of the vote.

GEORGE'S MAIN negative, on paper, is that he is 60 years old (albeit very fit — George runs marathons) and was the subject of an unpleasant controversy a few years ago. Something about parental consent. Assume, hypothetically, that President Bush, not having read *California Political Review* regularly, has not followed Ron George's Supreme Court career. How might Bush inform himself, how might he learn whether or not to back George for the High Court? His staffers might begin with a Nexis search. They would find a recent (September 6) *Wall Street Journal* article on the California Supreme Court that began: "If business likes predictability, it must hate the California Supreme Court." Curiosity piqued, the White House aides might read further:

> [D]on't bother trying to guess how the Court will rule on any of these [upcoming] cases, legal experts say. Though six of the seven justices were appointed by Republican governors, the Court *isn't dominated by a single ideology and its decisions often result from constantly shifting alliances.*
>
> "Decisions from this Court are less predictable than they used to be because *there's a less-predictable center,"* says Gerald Uelmen, a Santa Clara University law professor who closely follows the Court.
>
> He notes that the Court has decided more cases on a four-to-three margin in the four years under Chief Justice Ronald M. George than during the nine years under former Chief Justice Malcolm Lucas. That, Mr. Uel-

WHAT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TOLD ABOUT GUN CONTROL

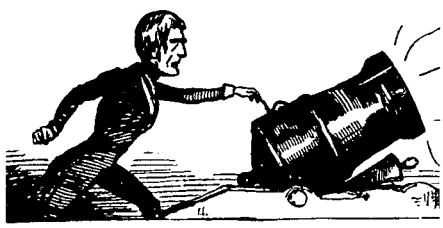
By SAM PAREDES

Is it true what they say? Do we need gun control because thousands of children die every year in accidental shootings? Are gun shows the major source of guns for criminals? Do waiting periods lower crime and suicide rates? If states issue too many concealed weapons permits, will their crime rate will go up? Do countries with stringent gun control laws have lower crime rates?

The truth is that in any given year fewer than 150 kids die nationwide from accidental shootings. That is too many but far from the "12 per day" that the gun control knuckleheads (GeeCKs) would have you believe. More kids die in accidents involving bicycles, space heaters, or swimming pools than with guns. Oh, by the way, the GeeCKs inflate the numbers by including gang shootings by young males up to 20 years old in the statistics.

The truth about gun shows is that according to the U.S Department of Justice, 2 percent of crime guns, at *most,* are purchased at gun shows and most of those were purchased by people who passed background checks. (A side note: there isn't a gun show in the state that doesn't require background checks and waiting periods on purchases.)

Waiting periods — that's it! Right? Wrong! Scholars have found that waiting periods have absolutely no correlation to murder, robbery, or even suicide rates.



The argument against concealed weapons permits (CCW) has always been that if you issue too many you will encourage a "Wild West" mentality and crime will go up. Not true. The 31 states with permissive CCW laws average 24 percent lower violent crime, 39 percent lower robbery rates, and 19 percent lower murder rates than states without such laws.

It's interesting that when the GeeCK's compare the U.S. crime rate with those of tough gun control countries, they never include Switzerland or Israel. Why? Because that would blow their argument. Both countries have significantly lower crime rates than the United States with higher gun ownership rates.

The truth? Some people just can't handle the truth! (Especially the GeeCKs!)

Sam Paredes is executive director of Gun Owners of California.

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THE FRONT LINE

Taking Heart in Small Victories

by Ray Haynes

The way this year's legislative session ended, especially in the state Senate, stirred hope among Republicans for better days to come. For months, the GOP had been irrelevant in the state's upper house, not for lack of leadership, for lack of votes. For instance, in June Senate Leader Jim Brulte conceived the idea of eliminating the car tax as the solution to the budget stalemate, but doing so became possible only when *Assembly* Republicans refused to provide the votes necessary to pass the budget.

Why? Because two Senate Republicans had already promised their votes for the budget, without a tax cut, providing the two-thirds vote that budget passage requires and permitting the Democrat majority to ignore all other Senate Republican requests.

Democrats tried again to make Senate Republicans irrelevant at the end of session. Like the budget, individual appropriations bills require a two-thirds vote to pass. In 1999, this rule allowed Republicans to defeat several Democrat spending bills, and, of course, also to derail the destructive programs the spending was intended to fund. So, this year, Democrats tried to eliminate the two-thirds vote hurdle by removing the appropriations from the bills that created the programs, and passed these bills by majority vote.

State agencies "implemented" the programs, but where would they find the money to pay for them? The Legislature, again by a two-thirds vote, passes end-of-year deficiency bills to add money

to particular program budgets whose original appropriations prove insufficient to meet actual costs. Democrats decided they would try to abuse this "process" to pay for their unfunded programs.

By lumping their new spending in with funds needed to complete the budgets for programs that had received two-thirds support, they hoped to increase the political pressure on Republicans just enough to peel off the two votes they needed to fund all their otherwise unfundable programs — a cute maneuver that, had it succeeded, would have destroyed any vestige of Republican power in the political process.

But Senate Republicans held tough on this core issue — well, most of them did. Cathie Wright sold out as usual. She will still whine about mistreatment by her Republican colleagues and never see that many of her problems were self-created. During her now-ending time in the Senate, she constantly sold out her Republicans colleagues, then got mad when they complained about it. She is smarter than all of them, of course, and will be the first to tell you so.

Senator Dave Kelley, however, was the hero of this saga. The Democrats levied significant pressure and threats against Kelley, but he held tough. He forced the Democrats to follow the two-thirds rule. Kelley is termed out after this year, but his example and the example of the Senate GOP standing firm and winning this victory will be remembered next year and that bodes well for next year's battles.

Psychology plays a large role in Republican defeats that come even when they numerically hold the power — on two-thirds votes for instance — to prevail. A few become convinced that defeat is inevitable and so quit fighting early. This example will make such self-deception (much encouraged by the Democrats) less potent by showing that the GOP can win and should fight.

Republican Whip Ray Haynes represents California's 36th state Senate District.

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men says, indicates *a greater independence on the part of individual justices.* (Emphases added.)

(Bush staffers might recognize Uelmen as a former member of O.J. Simpson's odious "Dream Team" and wonder how someone associated with such a grotesque miscarriage of justice could be teaching at a respectable law school or be taken seriously as a legal commentator — but I digress.)

Bush's astute aides, recognizing Uelmen's analysis as a pro-George spin, could de-cipher it in plain English: The once predictable and conservative Lucas Court has, under George's leadership, tilted sharply to the left. "Judicial independence" is liberal code for judicial activism, and "greater independence" in a judge means more liberal, *i.e.,* independent from the rule of law.

At this point, Bush's staffers would become concerned and hit the books, researching George's recent judicial decisions. They would discover his June 1 dissent in *Asmus v. Pacific Bell* (joined by the Court's leading liberals, Stanley Mosk and Joyce Kennard), in which George objected to allowing employers to change personnel policies without the employee's consent. Taking the notion of "implied-in-fact contracts" to an absurd extreme, George argued that the state should bestow upon "at will" employees (*i.e.,* those subject to dismissal by the employer at any time) a potentially vast, undefined veto power over their employer's decisions that could cripple an owner's ability to manage his own business. George's position was not only in the minority on California's by-no-means business-friendly high court; it also runs contrary to the rulings made in the majority of other states whose courts have considered these issue. The 4-3 *Asmus* ruling means a single vote was all that prevented George's radical anti-business dissent from becoming law.

LOOKING AT other recent George dissents, Bush's staffers would find *People v. Cayetano* (July 27), another 4-3 decision, in which George displayed a Reno-esque contempt for individual rights in the criminal law context. The majority held that the police conducted an unreasonable search by entering a private yard without a warrant and looking into the windows of an occupied residence at night. Under the applicable legal standard, the issue was whether the occupants of a house have a "reasonable expectation of privacy" that they will not be observed by a trespassing nocturnal "Peeping Tom." George voted against the occupants and in favor of the Peeping Tom. If you want privacy in your home, George said, you should cover your windows so intruders standing in your yard without permission can't watch you. Hello, Big Brother. Who, after the last eight years of law enforcement abuses at the federal level, wants to give the BATF, FBI, INS, and other agencies the authority to trespass and snoop on private property with impunity? Only someone with *no* appreciation for individual liberty and the threat presented by excessive government power. (Or, a cynic might suggest, someone who lives in a gated community.)

Finally, Bush's aides would uncover George's August 28 dissent in *People v. Ayala,* where he and Kennard would have overturned on a technicality the conviction and death sentence of a multiple murderer who executed three people in a botched robbery. The technicality George cited involved not the presentation of evidence or the instructions given to the jury, but the defense's exclusion from a side-bar conference between the trial judge and the prosecution during the jury selection process in response to a defense objection to the prosecutor's challenges to potential jurors. The majority opinion upholding the conviction was written by Stanley Mosk, the justice normally most sympathetic to the interests of criminal defendants. In this case, even Mosk (joined by four of his colleagues) concluded that any technical errors in the jury selection process were "harmless beyond a reasonable doubt," *i.e.,* they caused no prejudice to the defendant and were offset by overwhelming evidence of guilt. Ron George voted to require the state to retry this convicted killer despite the overwhelming evidence.

After reading these recent dissents, Bush's staffers would decide that a full-scale review of George's record was warranted. They would eventually obtain copies of *CPR's* coverage of the George Court going back to March/April 1996. Bush would conclude, after digesting *CPR's* uncompromising analysis, that George, if appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court, would become a disappointment — another Brennan, Blackmun, Souter — not part of an admirable legacy in the Rehnquist, Scalia, and Thomas mold. And, finally, if Bush followed the suggestion previously expressed in these pages ("It's Often Lonely, Being Right," July/August 2000), he'd appoint Janice Brown instead.

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Practical Politics and the Economist

In the short-run, bad economics is sometimes good politics. But the economist of integrity is obliged to continue to promote the best economics available.

WILLIAM R. ALLEN

SAVE ME from a certain kind of terribly shrewd, worldly-wise, self-styled practical person. The "practical" person and I may be soulmates in general orientation. We may share an appreciation of the individualistic society, for both its philosophic attractiveness and the economic efficiency it engenders. But he is a "political" person. And he becomes impatient with the economic analyst, who, he feels, is too logically "pure," too dedicated to "intellectual integrity," and too little concerned with "political and social realities."

As one columnist has put it, "the conservative prescription ... accords with both economic theory and economic experience, but does it accord with democratic political realities?" Another is sarcastic toward "conservatives who refuse to contaminate their lofty theories with a little political realism."

Well, I am all for realism, for genuine understanding of the real world, for deducing prescriptions for institutions and policies that will actually improve the lot of flesh-and-blood people. We individualists, after all, are interested in the activities and the well-being of the individual.

But it is not very helpful simply to exhort me, in my capacity as an economist, to be "practical." How am I to take most effective account of "realities"? Just what is the economist to do, and how is he to do it, in usefully considering problems with public policy implications?

There are several pertinent considerations.

First, appreciate the limits of anyone's expertise. By definition, no one can be a specialist in everything. The economist knows and can do some things relatively well. But typically, he is not an expert in politics.

Second, if the economist tries to play amateur politician, not only may he give bad political guidance, his economics may suffer. By trying extensively to intertwine considerations of political tactics with his rigorous analysis, the economics itself can be diverted, diluted, and compromised.

Third, while deductions of economics on a particular point may not be politically acceptable today, good analysis effectively presented has much staying power. It is not likely to win policy debates quickly in dramatic battle, but patient reiteration of truth can gradually gain the advantage. Critical positions now widely supported were heresies 10 or 20 or 30 years ago.

Finally, a kind of division of labor is in order for economists. Fittingly, some are active in short-term policymaking, operating as seems best within given political and institutional constraints. But others usefully hew persistently to strict dictates of analysis, providing long-term perspective, dispassionate application of the best professional techniques, demonstrating the costs of policy deviations from the conclusions thus deduced.

In the short-run, sometimes bad economics is good politics. But the economist of integrity is obliged, even in his discouragement, to continue to promote the best economics available. If he does not impatiently and inappropriately compromise, he will at least keep the faith — and occasionally he will eventually win a major political debate.

For the policy decision maker, what is the distinction between caution and cowardice and between boldness and bumptiousness? Unhappily, in the real world of affairs, the delineation between virtue and defect is not always perfectly clear.

In early 1968, a widely-experienced economist told

William R. Allen, is a heroic and oft defeated purveyor of Truth in the UCLA Department of Economics.

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me that his favorite in the approaching presidential campaign was Richard Nixon. For Mr. Nixon, I was assured, would do whatever was required to correct inflation — even if such policy would be so unpopular as to imply only a one-term presidency.

In early 1971, inflation was at the astronomical altitude of some 4 percent annually, and unemployment was a horrendous 6 percent. The administration was widely denounced for reveling in the miseries of the downtrodden.

The president was told by his advisers in summer of 1971 that a steady course of moderate policy, notably including appropriate curtailment of growth of the money supply, would gradually yield a situation of minimal inflation and unemployment. How long would that take? Maybe a year and a half. But the president noted that he could not wait that long, for within that period there would be an election. So, in August, to great public applause, this free-market president, who allegedly had been prepared genuinely to solve the inflation problem even if that meant losing his bid for reelection, instead imposed wage-and-price controls.

Mr. Nixon tells us in his memoirs that he was persuaded at the time — and that he was still convinced — that controls are terrible economic policy. "... in the long run," he writes, the controls decision "was wrong." Then why did he pursue such a strategy? Well, while it was wrong "in the long run," it was "politically necessary and immensely popular in the short run."

"It is unfortunate," Mr. Nixon philosophizes, "that the politics of economics has come to dictate action more than the economics of economics." And, he testifies, "even someone with strong economic ideas can be affected by the sting of criticism and the clamor of those who want a different policy."

It is easy, in such a case, to charge — and heroically condemn — cynicism as well as cowardice. But heroism comes easily for those who do not bear the responsibility of the decision. It is a wise general who knows when to retreat: Do we stubbornly face the enemy on this issue now and, as a result, possibly lose the war (or the next election) even if we win the battle?

Even among people of both sense and honor, opinions can differ on the importance of today's battle decision and on the probable relative losses of fighting and of retreating. The net costs of retreat in August 1971 were enormous. But the error of bad calculation of returns and costs is different from the weakness of cowardice.

THE WORKING PRESS

The Rest of Reagan

The rekindling of the GOP following devastating state defeats of 1958 and 1962 is a lesson in how fast fortunes can change — given the right candidates and causes.

TIM W. FERGUSON

An apt criticism of Edmund Morris's novel biography of Ronald Reagan was that it gave short shrift to the subject's rise in California politics. Those years, culminating in Reagan's election as governor by a million votes in 1966, might be inspirational reading for the state's Republicans, now at low ebb. The rekindling of the GOP following devastating state defeats of 1958 and 1962, and in the immediate aftermath of the Goldwater debacle of 1964, is a lesson in how fast fortunes can change — given the right candidates and causes.

Now someone has filled the void that Morris left. Matthew Dallek, young son of LBJ-loving historian Robert Dallek and speech writer for Richard Gephardt, has written a fair and dense political history of

Tim W. Ferguson is California Political Review's *press critic.*

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the period. (*The Right Moment: Ronald Reagan's First Victory and the Decisive Turning Point in American Politics,* The Free Press.) It's an outgrowth of Dallek's dissertation at Columbia, and based on considerable original research: interviews and oral histories of players in the game 35 years ago. Like many modern books, it doesn't live up to its overdrawn subtitle, but is a marvelous reference work on a period now largely forgotten.

DALLEK'S BASIC point is that a culture of disorder — not high taxes, wasteful spending, or fatigue with the Democrat program — was what most undid Pat Brown, one of the last of the great liberals. Although Reagan's Republican rejuvenation should boost hopes for another such turnaround, Dallek's argument is actually foreboding news for 2000. Its conclusion suggests that rather than a booming economy and clever constituency politics, current Democrats are being most helped by the relative quiet and order of a country with lower crime rates, fewer boisterous protests (especially, riots) and less social upheaval. Thus the appeal of a ticket balanced by onetime straight-arrow Joe Lieberman.

Three symbols emerge from Dallek's portrait of Pat Brown's demise: Rumford, Berkeley, and Watts. The first was the sponsor of a fair (or forced) housing law passed by the Legislature at the apex of Brown's power after he beat Richard Nixon in 1962. The second was the site of the free (or, filthy) speech movement and later anti-Vietnam protests. And the third was the riot that brought home to middle-class "swing voters" (the term was little known then) that the disruption in their midst was more than symbolic or merely noisy.

The standard liberal paradigm is that Reagan's victory was a kind of mindless reaction to all this. And it is possible to read that into Dallek's account. But he, like his boss Gephardt and a lot of other savvy Democrats in Washington (and at least one — Gray Davis — in Sacramento), have learned to be less condescending toward the voters. Rather, it transpires, the hubris of Brown and ilk blinded them to the shifts in public opinion that events were provoking. And their misplaced contempt for Reagan similarly kept them from realizing what was coming at them.

Although much of the book, rightly, describes efforts by the Reagan camp to separate him from the "Bircher" element and, in the candidate's words, "to keep the kooks quiet" in the 1966 campaign, Dallek is not dismissive of rank-and-file conservatives. In fact, he describes them as "intelligent and well-educated" while giving Reagan himself no end of credit. And he shows a sophisticated distinction when, in his respectful treatment of Barry Goldwater, he describes the

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1964 presidential nominee as "the first free-market antistatist" to carry a major party banner since Calvin Coolidge in 1924.

But the main joy in reading this book is to revisit all the characters in the state political wars of the early 1960s. Jess Unruh, Sam Yorty, Tom Kuchel, Max Rafferty, and a host of lesser lights, swimming about the main stage. If anything, Dallek overdoes it with multiple references to obscure political underlings who aren't placed in the context of later fame or status. (Sometimes, as with Caspar Weinberger, aide to Reagan's 1966 primary opponent George Christopher, we can get by without the assistance.) But a political groupie probably can't get enough of this minutia. Remember Dr. W. Stuart ("Voice of Americanism") McBirnie? It was he who gave Reagan the Creative Society rubric for his first term.

FOR PRESS hounds, there are a couple of delicious bits involving the now-sainted Otis Chandler of the *Los Angeles Times.* First is a reference to him scolding Brown for overheated rhetoric against realtors and other Rumford foes — Chandler's *Times* was among them. Second is a reminder that it was Thomas Storke's *Santa Barbara News-Press,* and not Chandler's *Times* as per legend, that led the righteous media attack on the Birch Society.

Governor Brown, who is quoted at one point as saying he came to hate only Rafferty and Yorty in politics (the Los Angeles mayor having given him a scare in the 1966 Democrat primary), also does not come off in this book as the bold visionary of current press lore. Rather, he harbors dirty tricksters (one of them named Kline — a relation to Anthony?) and runs scared of Reagan once he finally quits dismissing him. Once vanquished, he bitterly resents Reagan to his dying days, much as Jimmy Carter will.

There are gaps and mysteries in this account, (as well as the occasional mistake, such as having George Deukmejian hail from San Diego). George Murphy is a spectral presence, his remarkable victory in 1964 linked simply to the Rumford Act repeal overwhelmingly approved that year. At one point, Dallek puzzlingly suggests some animosity between the senator and Reagan. But, in fact, the Dems should have realized something was up when "just an actor" beat Pierre Salinger amid the Johnson rout.

Still, the book is tonic for those depressed souls who fear the sun will never shine on the right in California again. One might hope it won't take riots in the streets to turn the tide once more. A similar revival from the depths took place between 1974 and 1978, primarily on the backs of a tax revolt. But there is one significant difference between the '60s and '70s comebacks and what the GOP faces today: the huge warchest that Governor Davis and less potty-trained Democrats in the Legislature have amassed from interests including the business lobby. That will take someone of Reagan's rare gifts to overcome.

Reagan lovers can look forward to another book, a compilation of his writings from the "wilderness years" of the late 1970s, that Martin Anderson of the Hoover Institution is compiling for release early next year. Maybe some of this Reagan revisionism will work its way into the scribblings of the daily press when the sad day of the former president's passing is upon us.

Inside.com, one of the many struggling Web content sites, was first to jump on the story of inevitable class-action suits to follow the Federal Trade Commission's report on violence from Hollywood. This delicious looming war between the two deep Democrat pockets was one ray of sunshine amid the fall gloom.

Other bits worth noting, from the best source of news in Los Angeles, the local Business Journal:

Democrat gadfly Joel Kotkin spotlighted a San Fernando Valley-based website (mayorno.homestead.com) that haunts Antonio Villaraigosa with history of his radical Chicano past. The former Assembly speaker would like to leave such memories behind as he tries to become mayor of Los Angeles, but, as Kotkin notes, he can't bring himself to repudiate his past associations. Worth watching.

A follow-up to the Playboy Mansion brouhaha over Loretta Sanchez's party at the Democrat Convention notes that neighbors in fabulously wealthy Holmby Hills have been fighting the Hefner playpad for some time. But here's the gem: a leader of this rarefied realm's residents is a top aide to that proletarian prince, Tom Hayden! Who will tell The People?

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You say you thought they *read* the bills?

Legislative Democrats' End-of-Session Meltdown

by Steve Baldwin

CALIFORNIA DESERVES better. It was the final night of the Legislature's 1999-2000 session and Democrats were frantic. More than 300 bills were on the file but, according to the Constitution, all must be dealt with by midnight. Past Speakers remedied this by pulling the wall clock's plug at midnight. But this time, foul-mouthed maverick Assemblyman Dick Floyd had sought and received a Legislative Counsel legal opinion stating any bill passed after midnight will not be valid. The clock trick was out.

The final night was bereft of proper debate and deliberation. Dozens of bad bills flew by with little consideration. After news cameras left at 7 p.m., Democrats literally jumped with joy as bills passed to harass small business, penalize property owners, and otherwise made life difficult for taxpayers. Speaker Pro Tem Fred Keeley used every possible trick to suppress debate; an exhausted Legislature went along.

Around 10 p.m. a slew of bills arrived from the Senate without Democrat analysis. In other words, Democrat Assemblymembers had no idea what they were voting for. Nonetheless, they blindly voted every bill out, apparently feeling any bill passed by the Democrat Senate must be OK.

One Democrat, to his credit — George Nakano — turned his voting key off in protest. Many Republicans simply voted no on every bill.

As 11 p.m. approached, Democrat joy began turning into fear, bitterness, and finally panic. Basic procedures were just ignored. Democrats so love government that a growing fear was clear to see in their eyes as midnight approached — a beautiful sight to behold! By 11:30, we knew many bills would not make it. Because the 50 or so bills left were all big government measures, members of the GOP's conservative Liberty Caucus started asking bill sponsors questions about their bills, slowing down the process. Assemblyman Howard Kaloogian questioned several tax bills. I blasted a measure creating a new multi-million dollar "mental health" program for schools that would essentially declare many children "mentally ill" if they were spanked at home or some other absurd thing. This bill failed by a few votes, but was placed on call, meaning it could get another change on another roll call vote later in the session.

Midnight hit. Democrats were seething with anger at members who had the audacity actually to try to find out what a bill was about. Speaker Pro Tem Keeley kept bringing up bills for a vote, claiming his watch said only 11:55 while the Assembly wall clock said midnight. Assemblyman Tom McClintock repeatedly objected, declaring that all bills voted on beyond midnight would be unconstitutional. (About five bills passed after the midnight deadline could be challenged in court.)

FINALLY, ABRUPTLY, the charade ended. More than 50 bills, including measures placed on call, died a quick death. Ultra liberal legislators Pat Wiggins and Darrel Steinberg actually cried. SB 1326 died, a bill to require discussions of the homosexual political agenda in our schools. It was on "reconsideration," but floor jockey

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Steve Baldwin represents California's 77th Assembly District.

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Dion Aroner ran out of time. The mental health bill also died, saving our children from invasive anti-family surveys and tests. So, things could have been worse. At least conservatives stopped a few of the 1,000-plus idiotic bills introduced this session.

Presidential pollsters

Can we believe *anyone's* numbers?

by Leon McKinney

Last spring, my mother-in-law, who lives in the Midwest electoral bellwether state of Illinois, was called by a political poll taker. My in-laws are a lifetime union family whom, I suspect, have voted Democrat since 1950 or so, but they're really nice people in spite of that. The pollster, after verifying my mother-in-law was indeed a registered Democrat, began asking questions about Al Gore versus George W. Bush. My mother-in-law, bless her heart, replied that she was disgusted by Clinton's lies and crimes, in particular *l'affaire* Lewinsky and his selling us out to the Communist Chinese in exchange for Chi-Com funny money delivered by various Asian bagmen (I must claim some credit for educating my in-laws about Clinton), and then she said she wondered just what sort of man Al Gore was, standing by Clinton for eight long years. Suddenly, the pollster discovered he'd already gathered all the polling data needed from my in-laws' town — he was very sorry to have bothered her. A voice in my head says he didn't want to record another Democrat vote for Bush.

Are some of the major polls biased? A lot of conservatives think they are, and, it turns out, so does Purdue University Professor Gerald S. Wasserman who says his analysis of 1996 presidential polling shows it was "a collective failure," not just tending to be wrong, but consistently wrong *in Bill Clinton's favor.* Wasserman calculated that the chance of such a mass failure occurring among honest pollsters is once in 4,900 elections (*i.e., once* between now and the year 21600). "To continue to use current polling technology without calling for a change," Wasserman said, "would be like having a gambler play after the roulette wheel comes up red 12 times in a row. In both cases, it might just be chance, but any sensible person would stop and check the apparatus before going on."

Unfortunately, sensible people appear to be a nearly silent minority among the media establishment's liberal poo-bahs. When a mid-September *Newsweek* poll gave Al Gore a 14-point lead, William Saletan of Slate.com said, "Bush is toast." Eric Alterman of MSNBC.com said, "Barring extraterrestrial intervention, the election's over and Gore won it." Neither Saletan nor Alterman said anything about a late October, 1996, *Newsweek* poll that showed Bill Clinton leading Bob Dole by 23 points — a 15-point blooper revealed on election night when Mr. Dole lost by only eight. No, instead of cautioning Americans against trusting too heavily a poll with a proven 15-point margin of error, much less noting that several debates and more than six weeks of campaigning remained before the election, Saletan and Alterman canonized *Newsweek's* poll, using it as an excuse to close the books on the election. Bear this in mind the next time you are tempted to listen seriously to such gentlemen as Saletan and Alterman.

Or the *New York Times.* The *Times's* post-Lazio/Clinton Senate race debate poll showed Clinton had "surged" to a nine-point lead among "likely voters." But about the same time, the nonpartisan Marist Institute's poll, which has a good track record, showed a 44-44 Lazio/Clinton dead heat, again among "likely voters." It then came out that the *Times* poll assumed 87 percent of the registered voters it surveyed were "likely voters." Marist's poll, in contrast, accounted for political reality, taking into consideration the 45 percent turnout of registered voters in the last presidential election year.

Well, can we believe anyone's poll numbers? And if so, whose? Last March, the Washington, DC-based *Progressive Review* named Rasmussen Research (*http://www.portraitofamerica.com*) first in accuracy followed by Gallup

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CPR *Contributing Editor Leon McKinney is an engineering consultant in St. Louis, Missouri.*

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Whither America?

California Political Review ***asked its panel of political experts to comment on the 2000 elections in the Golden State and across the land.***

Eight years after America elected its first post-liberal, truly leftist president from the generation that cut its political teeth making southeast Asia communist, the nation and the state reach a watershed: no one any longer can convincingly pretend they do not know the character of today's Democrat Party. It is led by an ideology broken completely away from the social, religious, and political culture of the West. It stands for the subjugation of every law, principle, and person to the necessity of taking, holding, and exercising political power. It gives us corrupt, lawless judges, presidents, and attorneys general; a press and popular culture largely unable to perform their historic function of speaking for the people and justice against state power; and a national political culture consisting mainly of lies. This year America and California will decide whether the past eight years have been aberrational or will continue to shape the future we pass along to our children.

REPUBLICANS' CALIFORNIA OBSTACLES

By Arnold Steinberg

BY THE time you read this article (written in mid-September), much will have changed. After the first presidential debate (that we haven't now seen) George Bush will have triumphed over low expectations or he will have reinforced them. Bush has enormous potential to win this race if he can exploit the fact that Gore truly is a liar, and somehow manage to do that without seeming personal.

If Bush wins nationally, but marginally, in November, then California remains tough, because we run behind. We also face other obstacles. A silly campaign (Proposition 38) for a good issue (school choice) will generate more passion and greater turnout among opponents than proponents. Meanwhile, Tom Campbell, the too-smart-for-his-own-good candidate of the stupid party, is on the defensive, explaining, among many other things, why he would tax the Internet and create a national sales tax.

California's Republican congressional campaigns seem to be run more out of Washington than here. In contrast, the Democrats run better ground operations, often with hands-on consultants. In state legislative races, Republicans face awesome resources on the other side. Legislative leaders Jim Brulte and Scott Baugh are struggling to recover from the losses two years ago, when resources were disproportionately deployed, even

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in the final weeks, in the campaign for governor.

If the presidential race remains competitive nationally, things may still turn out fine. California voters do not obsess about the electoral college. They will be drawn to a nationally competitive race. And California may yet surprise the pundits if we let Bush be Bush, and we deploy resources effectively and not blandly.

All this is not saying a lot about ideas. But then, many of these local elections are not about ideas; they are about who spends the most money and who spends it best. It all sounds very technical, yet that's where we are. Republican legislators in Sacramento provide a firewall against the excesses of the liberals, but when it comes to issues, too many of our candidates discuss them in terms defined by and slanted toward the other side.

No matter what the outcome of this election, one hopes the next Party chairman will do what so many others have not done: use the off-year to build the Party, and to raise and conserve resources for the following year.

The wholesale prostitution of the business community means the Democrats' spending advantage in legislative races could reach 6- or 8-to-1.

— William E. Saracino

THERE'S GOT TO BE A MORNING AFTER..... By William E. Saracino

PERHAPS IT'S my father's career as an MGM music editor, but two movie songs kept running through my mind as I thought about this article — "The sun will come out tomorrow" from *Annie* and "There's got to be a morning after" from *The Poseidon Adventure.* Both songs reflect my view of the probable election results here in California, and *The Poseidon Adventure,* being an epic disaster flick, is an apropos analogy for where I see the good ship GOP headed on November 7.

Now I still think that "W" is going to be elected president, so my misgivings are not about a national debacle like we saw in '92 or '96. The second Bush to occupy the Oval Office will do so without California's electoral votes, and even that's not the problem. California Republicans have done fine in the past without major boosts from the top of the ticket. 2000, however, appears to be star-crossed for us Golden State Pachyderms.

The main culprit is money, and the main villains behind the enormous dollar disparity between the GOP and the Democrats are the members of the California business community. They have sold their souls — and their checkbooks — to Governor Gray Davis and the Democrats. The reasons for this are many, heavy with perfidy, light on logic, and free of any morals or ethics. California business has — by and large, there still being, of course, some stellar exceptions — adopted a "feed the alligators and hope they eat us last" mentality. As such they are willing to sacrifice all philosophy, all beliefs, and all former allies in the interest of keeping good relations with Sacramento's dominant Democrats.

The result is going to be uglier than Janet Reno in a thong bikini. In the past, legislative Republicans have remained competitive and even prospered on the short end of 2-to-1 and 3-to-1 spending rations versus the Democrats. The wholesale prostitution of the business community this cycle — when added to the usual union largess — means the Democrats' spending advantage in legislative races could reach 6- or 8-to-1. Our candidates simply cannot compete under such an avalanche.

The long-term solution involves giving our business roundtable prostitutes a dash of their own medicine — and a great first dose (adopting a split-roll property tax) was prescribed in *CPR's* September/October issue by Christopher Shelton ("California Republicans and Big Business: Time to Split?"). Short-term, we will have to rely on the ingenuity of our candidates and their consultants. None of this gloom is meant as a critique of GOP Party Chairman John McGraw, Vice Chairman Shawn Steel, finance guru George Argyos, Senate Leader Jim Brulte or his Assembly counterpart Scott Baugh. All these worthies have tried valiantly to make lemonade out of the endless bushels of lemons the fates have delivered to the California GOP doorstep the last couple of years.

It is my view, however, that all of their efforts, and the best that some very good candidates and very talented consultants have to offer, will simply not be enough to compensate for the avalanche of Democrat

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dollars. We will be lucky to add even a seat or two to our paltry 32 in the Assembly, and will be quite lucky not to lose a seat from the fickle 15 currently in the Senate.

This is being written in late September, and of course campaign dynamics could change dramatically and turn the entire California electoral scene topsy-turvey. The GOP tidal wave of 1994 proved that there are some historical tides that no amount of money can hold back. The Democrats had their usual spending advantage nationally that year and it availed them naught. This could happen again, and nothing would make me happier than to consign my dire predictions to the same file folder as the "Dewey Beats Truman" headline.

And even if things are as grim in November as I fear they might be, I hearken back to Annie who knew that the sun would indeed come out tomorrow, and the hardy survivors of the *Poseidon* capsizing who knew that there would indeed be a morning after. The pendulum effect of American politics and the over-arching greed of the liberals (which will cause them to over-reach) are among the two most reliable political phenomena of the last 100 years. Bad news on election night should be the cause for reflection and determination — certainly not despair.

To close with yet another movie reference, my view of the November here in California agrees with Betty Davis in *All about Eve* who said "Fasten your seat belts, it's going to be a bumpy night."

REAL ISSUES, GOOD CANDIDATES

By Ray Haynes

California Republicans have been in a funk; that is not news. As I write this, however, I am more encouraged by this election than any I have been involved with since 1980. Republicans are more energized now than I have seen them in 14 years. The top of the ticket is talking about real issues. Good candidates abound in the legislative and congressional races. We are defining the issues of the next generation in this election. That hasn't occurred in a long time.

Democrats, on the other hand, are lost in the minutiae of strategy. Did the Republicans subliminally call them rats? What was the effect of Al Gore's kiss? They dare not talk about their issues or they lose. They want to say that our position on guns and abortion hurt us, but they dare not advance their position on those issues for fear of electoral losses — why else would Gray Davis insist on killing the Jack Scott gun owners' licensing bill in an election year?

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— Ray Haynes

The fact is they know we are right and that our positions are popular. Democrats continue to hope we will continue to run away from those issues that resonate with the electorate. Our strategy since 1994 has been to campaign from a position of fear, and, as a result, Democrats have won. For the first time, in a long time, it looks like Republicans have abandoned that strategy, and are pressing the winning agenda of individual freedom and small government. But hope springs eternal in the Democrat breast. History tells them we will soon abandon the correct agenda, and campaign from fear again. They just might be wrong this time.

Ray Haynes represents California's 36th state Senate District.

DON'T BE DISTRACTED FROM THE ISSUES

By Pat Nolan

As I write this, the Bush campaign struggles to get its sea legs. Gore seemed to get traction after "the kiss" at the Democrat convention, and many conservatives have begun to question the leadership of the Austin group surrounding Bush. By the time you read this, we will know if Bush regained his footing or not.

The discussion reminds me of something William F. Buckley said at the YAF Western Regional Conference in 1971 when questioned about the existence of a Tri-Lateral Conspiracy, "If it is true, then they already control things. If it isn't true, then we shouldn't spend time worrying about it."

The more time spent second-guessing the Bush

Pat Nolan is president of Justice Fellowship and former Republican Leader of the California Assembly.

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team, the less time we will have to alert the public to the important interests at stake in this election. I am particularly concerned about the lack of resistance to the aggressive expansion of China's military. While Congressmen Dana Rohrabacher and Chris Cox have eloquently called attention to this situation, the Clinton/Gore capitulation has continued unabated.

Whether it is the treasonous sale of our missile technology, the effort to sell the port land in Long Beach to a front for the Chinese military, or the lax security for our military secrets, this administration has seriously undermined our ability to resist Chinese demands in Asia. If we truly want a safe world, we can't endure another four years of the Clinton/Gore administration. The only way to reverse the Chinese military build-up is to change administrations.

I have a special stake in the outcome of this election. My son, Jamie, is six years old. If China's military build-up isn't reversed, he may end up on a battlefield in Asia on the receiving end of ordnance designed by Americans. That is reason enough for us to stop fretting about campaign tactics and redouble our efforts to elect Bush.

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— Pat Nolan

WHY THIS ELECTION IS SO IMPORTANT

By Barbara Alby

THE PAST 20 years, my *mantra* at election time has always been the same: "This election is the most important of my lifetime." But when I consider the gravity of this November I can't help wonder if all these years I was nothing more than a "sky is falling" alarmist, a Chicken Little in drag. It's obvious that somehow, no matter who won, we made it. Well most of us made it ... unborn children hold a different view, GI's lost in Africa see it differently. Our dead in Kosovo, if they could speak, would tell us we didn't make it.

So what's so important about this election? If you said it's the Supreme Court because they will decide the role of government in every aspect of our life, you are right. If you said it's our economic future and that of our children, you're right again. You and I find ourselves in the midst of a crisis of confidence. As our ideas of entrepreneurship and deregulation are ascending, we as a political force are descending. Mainstream Americans have a lot in common with that famous frog in the tepid water. All seems well and you don't know you're cooked until it's too late to get out.

I believe the most compelling reason we must throw down the gauntlet this November and change the course of human events is the threat of losing freedom itself. I'm afraid the time may be coming when we can no longer live on the graces of the battles fought by those who paid the highest price themselves. We may now be required to make our own deposits in that account, deposits long overdue.

In an era of domestic prosperity as well as tranquility, America is a nation at risk.

We must elect a president and U.S. Congress that will build a Defense Missile Shield, and take our once proud and capable military to renewed strength and honor here at home and around the world. It's no secret unfriendly world powers, as well as third world countries run by maniacal tyrants, have weapons of mass destruction. What would America do if one of these zealots took out a U.S. city? Man has never created a weapon he has failed to use. China has warned that war with the United States is inevitable. Pollsters say most American's think we've already built a Strategic Defense System to protect us against just such a threat. Those of us who believe in missile defense are in good company. Secretary of Defense Bill Cohen advised President Clinton to build that Missile Defense Shield ... the president said "no."

Over the past decade, the White House and Congress have cut our military budgets and closed our bases, cannibalized our aircraft to keep other planes in the air, and moth-balled our Navy. They traded our secrets with hostile governments for campaign contributions. It is long past time to invest in America's finest: our men and women in uniform. No more food stamps, and no more sub-standard housing that even the homeless reject when the soldiers move on. Never again allow the likes of a Sheriff Clinton to wear out our man-

Barbara Alby is California's national committeewoman on the Republican National Committee.

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power readiness because he wants to lead a global police force. When our sons and daughters stand in harm's way they must be equipped with the best there is.

The idea behind a strong defense is the hope that you never have to use it. I am reminded of the scene on my television as Ronald Reagan was being sworn into office as the 40th President of the United States. The networks kept cutting back to Iran as the American hostages were being released. The standoff was over, the commander-in-chief was taking his oath to defend the United States against all enemies foreign and domestic. He meant it and so did we!

PROLIFERS' STAKE IN THE ELECTION

By Daniel J. Grimm

DEPENDING ON what today's newspapers report, one hears either elation or despair in the tents of prolifers. While I'd never want to deny the importance of defeating the most pro-abortion presidential candidate ever, I can't help feeling that hopes for Bush and fear of Gore are distractions from the goal prolifers should be seeking.

Politics is a worldly thing: done mostly by worldly people, in a worldly way, for worldly ends. (It's remarkable how often those who deny there's anything but the material world go into politics "to make a difference," as if making such a difference made any difference!) What's more, even the *un*worldly who go into politics have a devil of a time not picking up the thoughts and morals of the world.

Being worldly, politics is likely to induce despair. Jesus pointed out that, as a final end, even the whole world is a big disappointment. At its best, politics is the inadequate attempt of fallible men to solve human problems. Indeed, even our most lofty and unattainable political objectives are pretty unsatisfying: if we could, by some miracle, adopt and ratify a human life amendment tomorrow, we would still have a million mothers who want to kill their not-yet-born children. And political victories, hard won as they are, are things of a day: the Reagan landslide was great, but the killing still continues.

Do we stop working? Certainly not. But however much we engage in battles for this or that temporary objective, our hope is rooted in something more enduring, something connected to the transcendent dignity of human life which is the whole point of the prolife war.

Mainstream Americans have a lot in common with that famous frog in the tepid water. You don't know you're cooked until it's too late.

— Barbara Alby

We place our hope in God's plan for human problems: fix the humans, one soul at a time, in a manner that respects their individual freedom. We need to get them to see the truth that endures from age to age, to restore to mothers, and fathers, a heart for their children. We need to give up trying to gain the whole world and gain instead our own souls.

Turning from the despair-inducing world to the heights whence comes our hope, we might discover why God allowed this whole war in the first place. Abortion arose in a world that had progressively squeezed the awareness of God out of thought. The obfuscation of three centuries, more or less, had allowed us to imagine that "science" had discovered that all humanity (including science!) was an inexplicable accident. We had the "wits" to discover there was no such thing as intelligence. Almost as soon as we discovered God was not our father, we decided babies were not our children.

As part of this process, Christians have allowed themselves to be corralled, squeezed out of public life in ways that would amaze any red-blooded Moslem.

The prolife movement has been given the task to undo all this. As it was from the beginning, murder is the act of one who has turned from his Maker. Our genocidal century is ample proof that there is no more important political issue than whether man is a part of an intelligently-ordered creation or an accident in a chaos. We will endure another hundred years of blood if hearts don't turn back. Compared with this, the question of who does what in the Oval Office in the next four years seems a little unimportant.

Paradoxically, once we see that our task is so much more immense, we also see that final victory must be

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ours, and that joyful signs of it can be found everywhere.

HE'S YOUR UNCLE, NOT YOUR DAD

By Howard Klein

A DEFINING moment of the 1992 presidential election occurred during the second debate. A ponytailed male from the audience asked the candidates, "We are your children. What can you do for us?" Little did he know it, but Mr. Ponytail was defining what was to become perhaps the seminal issue of the 2000 presidential election: Whether the relationship between our nation's government and its citizens should be among consenting adults, or whether the governed should be treated as children.

Until the Clinton era, the growing dependence of the citizenry on government was the largely unintended consequence of well-intentioned programs, such as Social Security and Medicare. The Clinton administration was the first to foster this dependence as a matter of design. Under the rhetorical cover of being "for the children," the Clintons and their cadres pushed their collectivist policies in such areas as environmental regulation, anti-tobacco programs, gun control, and medical care. Their initial opposition to welfare reform, and their later attempts, after its passage, to dilute it, were based on concerns "for the children." The Clinton administration determined that, using the nation's children as foils, a child-like dependency on government could be created for adults as well. The Clinton administration governed as if it had a mandate from Mr. Ponytail himself.

President Bush, in 1992, missed a golden opportunity by failing to tell Mr. Ponytail that for those who wished to be considered a child by the government, there was an island run by one Mr. Castro that could accommodate their needs, and that what the government of this country was meant to do was to treat its citizens as responsible adults. Had President Bush done this, he would have turned the 1992 election into a referendum on freedom versus servitude. Maybe he would have won if the election turned on this issue. Even in losing, he would have performed a great public service by reminding the voters of the proper relationship between our nation's government and its citizens, thereby keeping the issue of individual liberty in the forefront of public discourse.

Al Gore has loudly and proudly proclaimed himself the champion of those policies and programs that would turn our government into an omniscient parent. Thus, President Bush's son has the opportunity to convert this election from a contest of budgetary largess (which Republicans nearly always lose) to a referendum on whether we wish to be a nation of Mr. Ponytails. If he does this, he will increase his chances of victory. But regardless of the outcome on November 7, we will know whether we want the relationship between our nation's government and its citizens to remain essentially as our Founders envisioned it, or whether we want it changed into something resembling the type of relationship the Founders unequivocally rejected. With the issue framed so starkly, I believe the American people will make the right choice.

Christians have allowed themselves to be corralled, squeezed out of public life in ways that would amaze any red-blooded Moslem.

— Daniel J. Grimm

Howard Klein is an Orange County attorney active in Republican political campaigns in California.

CALIFORNIA GOP'S TEN REASONS TO SMILE

By Tim Ferguson

1) The sun will come up tomorrow.
2) There are 49 other states to live and do business in and still call yourself an American.
3) Free trade with Mexico will make up for some of those coming higher taxes.
4) There will be fewer politicos begging for money for awhile.
5) Chuck Quackenbush won't be the GOP candidate for governor.
6) The Party will control its own primary again and can set it back to June.
7) The Internet will ensure you a better range of news than the major papers.
8) You don't have to watch those TV gasbags on Election Night.
9) Gray Davis will keep selling vetoes of the most ludicrous legislation.
10) *California Political Review* will keep publishing.

Tim Ferguson is CPR's *press critic.*

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Waiting for Coattails

Top-of-ticket landslides *can* spark lower level victories, but don't ask coattails to substitute for a well-run campaign.

Dan Brennan

THIS NOVEMBER the Bush-Cheney ticket provides something the GOP needs badly: a reason for people to vote Republican. George W. Bush brings enthusiasm and excitement to a Party that has been chewed up and spit out, deservedly or not, for everything it has said and done. Bush's national popularity has caused some to talk of inevitable coattails this November, affecting races across California. And there is something to this notion, as evidenced by Bush's post-convention swing through the state. When his campaign pulled into to the Delta town of Lodi as part of a whistle-stop train ride, official police estimates put the crowd between 10,000 and 12,000 people. What is particularly remarkable about this turnout is that it was pulled together in a little more than 48 hours, and no more than 3,000 to 4,000 people were anticipated at the tiny train station. The event's spontaneity highlighted the depth and breadth of support for Bush in a typical small-town community.

The summer poll roller-coaster ride dampened some post-convention enthusiasm, but then the Bush operation seemed to get back on-track again. Still the question many Republican activists have been asking is: If the national race is tight near the end, will the Bush campaign once again bail on California, allocating their resources elsewhere? It is a legitimate concern. California is an expensive state in which to campaign for president, and GOP diehards have been left standing at the altar more than once.

But insiders and close observers indicate Bush is in for the long haul. And there are good reasons to believe he is. First, it doesn't really make sense to concede California. Yes, pulling out saves resources, but the state is so important to Democrats that even a superficial campaign here forces Gore to commit vast resources of his own. A Republican pull-out designed to conserve Bush's campaign strength may well free up equal or even greater amounts of cash and candidate and staff time for Gore. Also, it is obviously bad psychology to proclaim defeat in any state, let alone the largest state in the union. Just imagine what it would mean to national perceptions if, this time, it were the *Democrats* who had to pull up stakes, perhaps in Ohio, or Michigan, or Pennsylvania, to save their resources for California. Dropping the state didn't work for George Bush Sr. or Bob Dole. And George W. is not so far back in the polls here as some people seem to think. The race in California could come down to the wire. A Bush win here would finish Gore.

So, if George W. campaigns hard here and wins the White House (or even if he beats Gore nationally with a reasonably close, even if losing, California effort), what would that mean for California's legislative Republican candidates? Assembly GOP Leader Scott Baugh has an interesting, informative chart outlining the influence a strong top of the ticket can exert to increase Republican legislative victories. It ascribes the Party's 1994 takeover of California's lower house to Governor Wilson's supposed coattails. It could be argued those were Newt Gingrich/Contract With America coattails. Nonetheless, a compelling case can be made that coattails *do* exist, and that they were at work in 1994, in 1988 behind George Bush Sr., in 1984 and 1980 with Ronald Reagan, and in 1978 behind Proposition 13. Each time, many Republicans and conservatives were inspired by the high visibility lead candidate or cause to put down the TV remote control and go vote.

STILL, COATTAILS are usually an eleventh hour phenomena — difficult to plan for, dangerous to rely on, and no substitute for a well-run campaign. What coattails provide is a higher than usual turnout of "your voters" — imagine, say, an extra four points for every candidate of the winning top-of-ticket party. In the final weeks before an election, a good strategist responsible for allocating resources for a multitude of campaigns across the state will look at his or her polling numbers and first add and then subtract those four points in each race, anticipating the potential coat-tail effect going either way. Then plans are laid for various contingencies. Thus prepared, the crafty tactician can leap into action in the closing days.

Not all close races are ripe for that last minute infusion of

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scarce resources. For example, a campaign that has been tightly fought and well-funded on both sides and is within a point or two in the polls with few undecided voters probably wouldn't be the wisest place to drop those last minute resources. The voters in that district would likely have been saturated with mail and other media already. Instead, if an honest, last minute sense exists that a top of the ticket landslide is pending, it would be better to find a well-run campaign that happens to be down 4 or 5 points, where there hasn't been a lot of mail on both sides, a significant block of undecided voters remains, and the candidate fits the district. In that kind of race, the extra nudge at the end might ride the coattails to create an upset.

Then-Assembly Republican Leader Jim Brulte and his then-right-hand man, Burt Southard, brilliantly implemented this kind of strategic thinking in 1994 to win at least three long-shot Assembly races; George House's in the 25th, Peter Frusetta's in the 28th, and Steve Kuykendall's in the 54th. All were well-run races able to benefit from the last-minute double-punch.

A carefully-planned eleventh-hour strategy however, can

(Please turn to page 29)

November's Ballot Measures: All About Money

Proposition 32 is a half billion dollar bond measure. Despite this year's $12 billion budget surplus, the Legislature wants to borrow this money, creating $34,000,000 in yearly debt service, because they believe, probably rightly, that voters will support anything for veterans, in this case farm and home loans. 32 saves the surplus for things voters won't support.

Proposition 33 says legislators may join public employees' retirement system, solidifying our professional office-holder class. (In other states, legislators do government business part time, earning their livings in real jobs in the real world.) 33 will cost $1,000,000 a year to supplement the more than $100,000 each legislator pockets yearly for making our laws. (See Assemblyman Steve Baldwin's article, this issue, page 13, for details on how they do that.)

Proposition 34, lawmakers' answer to democracy and free speech, says most of us (a freeway-wide loophole exempts unions) must be sharply curtailed in using our money to back candidates. Supporters say it hurts "special interests," putting voters in charge, evidently by protecting voters from hearing the ideas of candidates not supported by vast, entrenched, wealthy special interests. 34's limits: gubernatorial candidates, $20,000; other statewide races, $5,000; legislative races, $3,000.

Proposition 35 eliminates existing restrictions on state and local contracting with private entities for engineering and architectural services, with contracts awarded by competitive selection. Unions, saying 35 helps special interests, oppose it.

Proposition 36 requires probation and drug treatment, not incarceration, for use, transport, possession for personal use, or being under the influence of illegal drugs. Proponents say nonviolent drug offenders crowd our jails while violent criminals are released early. Sen. Ray Haynes opposes 36, saying first-time drug possession arrestees are *now* allowed to go into a diversion program with charges dismissed on completion. Removing the threat of jail, he says, would leave illegal drug users small reason to try to complete diversion successfully and get off drugs.

Proposition 37 overturns a state Supreme Court decision ("Sinclair Paint") that OK'd a legislative maneuver to bypass the constitutional two-thirds vote requirement for tax increases. The Justices said labeling some taxes "fees" meant a simple majority could increase them. 37 would clarify the difference between real regulatory fees and what proponents call "hidden taxes" on "food, gasoline, utilities and other necessities." Opponents, including Attorney General Bill Lockyer, deny these fees are taxes.

Proposition 38 lets parents choose their children's schools, scaring the stuffing out of unions whose power relies on captive student bodies. 38 gives $4,000 (of the approximately $8,000 now spent annually) per child to schools that parents choose. Odd-bedfellows opponents include pro-government-schools-monopoly liberals, Republicans who, true to form and liking their neighborhood schools, find other peoples' problems boring, and conservatives afraid tax dollars mean government controls, as if private schools were protected now. (They are not — *see* "Legislative File," *CPR,* Sept./Oct., 2000.)

Proposition 39 again tries (as did nearly identical Prop. 26, defeated in March) to ease creation of local government debt, backed by the money we all have tied up in our homes. Since these bonds encumber homes, not businesses or renters, homeowners have been protected for 121 years by a two-thirds vote requirement to approve them. 39 would lower it to 55 percent, permitting non-home owners to put property owners on the hook.

This time it really is all about money. If you give a hoot about your loot, invest a few minutes voting November 7.

— Dan Brennan

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The Decade of the Great Liberal Death Wish

A solvent rather than a precipitate, a sedative rather than a stimulant, a slough rather than a precipice; blurring the edges of truth, the definition of virtue, the shape of beauty; a cracked bell, a mist, a death wish.

Malcolm Muggeridge

Eight years ago, to mark America's experiment with its first leftist presidency, CPR *published this excerpt from Malcolm Muggeridge's "Decade of the Great Liberal Death Wish" (first published in* Esquire, *December 1970). As Clinton departs, we reprint it now as still the best primer on the meaning of leftism.*

Searching about in my mind for an appropriate name for the decade which has just begun, I settle for The Decade of The Great Liberal Death Wish. It seems to me that this process of death-wishing, in the guise of liberalism, has been eroding the civilization of the West for a century and more, and is now about to reach its apogee. The liberal mind, effective everywhere, whether in power or in opposition, particularly so during the present period of American world domination, has provided the perfect instrument. Systematically, stage by stage, dismantling our Western way of life, depreciating and deprecating all its values so that the whole social structure is now tumbling down, dethroning its God, undermining all its certainties, and finally mobilizing a Praetorian Guard of ribald students, maintained at the public expense, and ready at the drop of a hat to go into action, not only against their own weak-kneed, bemused academic authorities, but also against any institution or organ for the maintenance of law and order still capable of functioning, especially the police. And all this, wonderfully enough, in the name of the health, wealth, and happiness of all mankind.

Previous civilizations have been overthrown from without by the incursion of barbarian hordes; ours has dreamed up its own dissolution in the minds of its own intellectual elite. It has carefully nurtured its own barbarians — all reared on the best Dr. Spock lines, sent to progressive schools and colleges, fitted with contraceptives or fed birth pills at puberty, mixing D.

Malcolm Muggeridge, borrowing a phrase from St. Augustine, called himself a "vendor of words," a profession he practiced with grace and wit through most of this century's decades. He died in 1990.

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H. Lawrence with their Coca-Cola, and imbibing the headier stuff (Marcuse, Chairman Mao, Malcolm X) in evening libations of hot chocolate. Not bolshevism, which Stalin liquidated along with all the old Bolsheviks; not nazism, which perished with Hitler in his Berlin bunker; not fascism, which was left hanging upside down, along with Mussolini and his mistress, from a lamppost — none of these, history will record, was responsible for bringing down the darkness on our civilization, but liberalism. A solvent rather than a precipitate, a sedative rather than a stimulant, a slough rather than a precipice; blurring the edges of truth, the definition of virtue, the shape of beauty; a cracked bell, a mist, a death wish.

I was fortunate enough myself, while still in my late twenties, to be presented with a demonstration of the great liberal death wish at work, so manifest, so incontestable in its implications, and, at the same time, so hilariously funny, that I have never subsequently felt the smallest doubt that here lay the key to the tragicomedy of our time. It happened in Moscow, in the Autumn of 1932 and Spring of 1933, when I was working there as correspondent for the, then, *Manchester Guardian*. In those days, Moscow was the Mecca for every liberal mind, whatever its particular complexion. They flocked there in an unending procession, from the great ones like Shaw and Gide and Barbusse and Julian Huxley and Harold Laski and the Webbs, down to poor little teachers, crazed clergymen and millionaires, and driveling dons; all utterly convinced that, under the aegis of the great Stalin, a new dawn was breaking in which the human race would at last be united in liberty, equality, and fraternity forevermore.

Stalin himself, to do him justice, never troubled to hide his contempt for them and everything they stood for, and mercilessly suppressed any like tendencies among his own people. This, however, in no wise deterred them. They were prepared to believe anything, however preposterous; to overlook anything, however villainous; to approve anything, however obscurantist and brutally authoritarian, in order to be able to preserve intact the confident expectation that one of the most thoroughgoing, ruthless, and bloody tyrannies ever to exist on earth could be relied on to champion human freedom, the brotherhood of man, and all the other good liberal causes to which they had dedicated their lives. It is true that many of them subsequently retracted; that incidents like the Stalinist purges, the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the debunking of Stalin at the Twentieth Party Congress, the Hungarian and Czech risings, each caused a certain leakage among liberal well-wishers. Yet when the dust settles, the same old bias is clearly discernible. It is an addiction, like alcoholism, to which the liberal mind is intrinsically susceptible — to grovel before any Beelzebub who claims, however implausibly, to be a prince of liberals.

Why? After all, the individuals concerned are ostensibly the shining lights of the Western world; scholars, philosophers, artists, scientists, and the like; the favored children of a troubled time. Held in respect as being sages who know all the answers; sought after by governments and international agencies; holding forth in the press and on the air. The glory of faculties and campuses; beating a path between Harvard and Princeton, and Washington, D.C.; swarming like migrant birds from the London School of Economics, Oxford, and Cambridge into Whitehall. Yet I have seen their prototypes — and I can never forget it — in the role of credulous buffoons capable of being taken in by grotesquely obvious deceptions. Swallowing unquestioningly statistics and other purported data whose falsity was immediately evident to the meanest intelligence. Full of idiot delight when Stalin or one of his henchmen yet again denounced the corrupt, cowardly intelligentsia of the capitalist West — *viz.*, themselves. I detect in their like today the same impulse. They pass on from one to another, like a torch held upside down, the same death wish. Editors come and go, newspapers decline and fold, Labour Governments form and unform; after Roosevelt, Truman and then Eisenhower; after Kennedy, Johnson and then Nixon; but the great liberal death wish goes marching on.

In those far-off days in Moscow it was possible to discuss matters like distinguished visiting intellectuals with officials of the Press Department of the Soviet Foreign Office, with whom, of course, we foreign journalists were in constant contact. Most of them were Russian Jews who had lived abroad before the Revolution. Unlike the usual sort of wooden-faced Soviet functionary, they had a sense of humor and a taste for irony. One and all, as it happened, were fated to be shot when, later on, Stalin swung the regime back to traditional Russian anti-Semitism.

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Yes, of course, they said, people like Shaw and the Webbs were natural stool pigeons, historically destined to play a Judas part and betray — admittedly, rather out of vanity than cupidity — their own phony liberal principles to a triumphant Marxist revolutionary movement in whose eyes they were, and must always be, anathema. Meanwhile, they had their usefulness, if only in reassuring the Soviet authorities that, whatever they might feel bound to do in the way of terrorism and dictatorial practices, they never need worry their heads about hostile reactions in enlightened circles and newspapers in the West. The Foreign Office men told me that they even on occasion amused themselves by seeing how far they could go in gulling distinguished visitors, fabricating production statistics and Stakhanovite feats at the factory bench which could not possibly be true. However tall their stories, they were invariably believed, and often quoted in learned publications abroad; the credulity of their visitors was, it seemed, fathomless.

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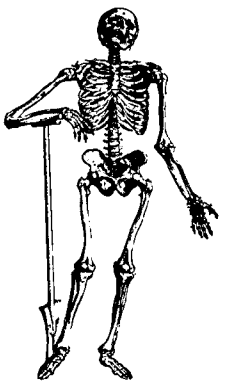
To the fevered mind of a Senator Joe McCarthy, or the more sedate, but still irascible one of a Vice-President Spiro Agnew; even to so erudite and responsible a citizen as Enoch Powell, it all smells unmistakably of conspiracy. How otherwise to account for the fact that the liberal mind, like deathwatch beetles, seems to be active in all the rafters and foundations of the State? So, they imagine suborned men, and hurl wild accusations and denunciations. Ah, if only it were a conspiracy! How easy, then, to apprehend the principals and subdue their dupes! But a death wish subconsciously entertained in newspaper offices and college faculties, in television and radio studios, in churches of all denominations, wherever two or more illuminati are gathered together — that is something else.



To suppress a death wish it is necessary to proclaim a corresponding life wish — which is just what a Senator McCar-thy, a Vice-President Agnew, an Enoch Powell cannot do; with the result that their wild accusations only serve to advance the very thing they believe they are attacking. They remind me of an old evangelical missionary I came across years ago in South India when I was living there. This good man had got in the way of appearing each year at a local Hindu festival and denouncing the god Shiva, before whom devotees were prostrating themselves. At first he was stoned, then just cursed and insulted, and finally taken for granted. When the time came for him to retire, the organizers of the festival petitioned his missionary society to send a replacement. He had become part of the show.

Recalling, in the light of these experiences, my time as an editorial writer on the *Guardian* before going to Moscow, I realized that there, in that great citadel of liberalism, we were engaged in spelling out the essential terms of the great liberal death wish. All our protestations and prognostications were governed by its exigencies. Thus, in our editorials, it was a basic principle that our enemies were always in the right and our friends in the wrong. If, for instance, a British soldier was killed anywhere, it was an unfortunate consequence of the brutal and crooked policies the poor fellow was required to implement; if, on the other hand, a British soldier killed someone, the victim was automatically a blessed martyr, to be mourned, and possibly made the subject of a demonstration, by all decent liberal people. Likewise, any Indians who were misguided enough to be our friends became thereby worthless and despicable figures in our eyes — with the exception, curiously enough, of the Aga Khan, who really was worthless. The repute in which he was held, however, was not due to any appreciation of his political views, but rather to his eminence on the racetrack; something so esteemed by the English that it covers even being on our side. Other Indians, like Nehru, who specialized in holding us up to hatred and contempt, were treated with

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the utmost consideration. I note that a similar role has come to be adopted by the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and other high-toned American newspapers, as well as by the more eminent radio and television commentators, who pour out their wrath and derision on any poor sucker who is fool enough to support the American side anywhere, but are quick to offer sympathetic treatment to a Castro, a Ho Chi Minh, a Che Guevara, none of whom can be regarded as exactly Americanophile. As far as the death wish or Gaderene stakes are concerned, I calculate that America is running a shade behind us, but is going hard in the direction of the same cliff.

I ask myself how this predilection for enemies and distaste for friends came to pass in what many of us have been brought up to regard as the most cultivated and enlightened minds of our time. Why it has seemed so obvious to them that whatever commends itself to our well-wishers must be despicable, and whatever serves the interests of our ill-wishers must be beneficial. Why, for instance, there should be so unanimous a feeling in such circles in the United States that the discrediting of American policies and the defeat of American arms in Vietnam represents a progressive aspiration, and the converse a reactionary one. Why, in a world full of oppressive regimes and terrorist practices, in England the venom and fury of the liberal mind should pick on the white South Africans with particular spleen when their oligarchic rule only differs from that of a dozen others — Tito's, Franco's, Castro's, etc., etc. — in that they happen to be anxious to be on good terms with the English.

What but a death wish could bring about so complete a reversal of all the normal worldly considerations of good sense, self-interest, and a desire to survive? I remember reading in Taine's *Origines de la France Contemporaine* of how, shortly before the Revolution, a party of affluent liberal intellectuals were discussing over their after-dinner cognac all the wonderful things that were going to happen when the Bourbon regime was abolished, and freedom *à la* Voltaire and Jean-Jacques Rousseau reigned supreme. One of the guests, hitherto silent, suddenly spoke up. Yes, he said, the Bourbon regime would indeed be overthrown, and in the process — pointing round — you and you and you will be carried screaming to the guillotine; you and you and you go into penurious exile, and — now pointing in the direction of some of the elegant ladies present — you and you and you hawk your bodies round from *sansculotte* to *sansculotte*. There was a moment of silence while this, as it turned out, all too exact prophesy sank in, and then the previous conversation was resumed. I know several fashionable and affluent households in London and Washington and Paris where similar conversations take place, and where similarly exact prophesies might be made, without, as on the occasion Taine so appositely described, having the slightest impact.

It would seem clear, then, that the great liberal death wish arises out of a historical, or maybe biological, necessity, rather than out of any rational, or even irrational, considerations. Civilizations, like classes and families and regimes, degenerate, and so must be wound up. Just as the great-grandson of some famous ducal figure or billionaire may have thrust upon him the disagreeable fate of ending his line, and, drooling and dissolute, duly ends it, so the liberal mind, likewise drooling and dissolute, has been entrusted with the historic task of bringing to an end what we are supposed to be defending with might and main — I mean what we still like to call our free way of life and the free institutions which have sustained it. On such a basis, all the views, attitudes, values, and recommendations of the liberal mind today make complete sense. Going back to my Moscow experience, those eminent intellectuals abasing themselves before Stalin, and so fatuously accepting his bona fides as a lover of human freedom and enlightenment, were simply fulfilling a manifest destiny to abolish themselves, their culture, and their world.

I have a recurrent nightmare that somehow or other a lot of contemporary pabulum — video tape of television programs with accompanying advertisements, news footage, copies of newspapers and magazines, stereo tapes of pop groups and other cacophonies, best-selling novels, films, and other such material — gets preserved, like the Dead Sea Scrolls, in some remote salt cave. Then, some centuries, or maybe millennia, later, when our civilization will long since have joined all the others that once were, and now can only be patiently reconstructed out of dusty ruins, incomprehensible hieroglyphics, and other residuary relics, archaeologists discover the cave, and set about sorting out its con-

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tents and trying to deduce from them what we were like and how we lived. (This is assuming, of course, that we do not, in the process of working out the great liberal death wish, blow ourselves and our earth to smithereens — a large assumption.)

What will they make of us? I wonder. Materially, so rich and so powerful; spiritually, so impoverished and fear-ridden. Having made such remarkable inroads into the secrets of nature; beginning to explore, and perhaps to colonize, the universe itself; developing the means to produce in more or less unlimited quantities everything we could possibly need or desire, and to transmit swifter than light every thought, smile, or word that could possibly delight, entertain, or instruct us. Disposing of treasure beyond calculation, opening up possibilities beyond conception. Yet haunted and obsessed by the fear that we are too numerous; that soon, as our numbers go on increasing, there will be no room or food for us. On the one hand, a neurotic passion to increase consumption, sustained by every sort of imbecile persuasion; on the other, ever-increasing hunger and penury among the so-called backward or underdeveloped peoples. Never, our archaeologists will surely conclude, was any generation of men intent upon the pursuit of happiness more advantageously placed to attain it, who yet, with seeming deliberation, took the opposite course — toward chaos, not order; toward breakdown, not stability; toward death, destruction, and darkness, not life, creativity, and light. An ascent that ran downhill; plenty that turned into a wasteland: a cornucopia whose abundance made hungry; a death wish inexorably unfolding.

The liberal mind, drooling and dissolute, has been entrusted with the historic task of bringing to an end what we still like to call our free way of life

Searching about in their minds for some explanation of this pursuit of happiness that became a death wish, the archaeologists, it seems to me, would be bound to hit upon the doctrine of progress: probably the most ludicrous, certainly the most deleterious, fancy ever to take possession of the human heart; the liberal mind's basic dogma. The notion that human beings, *as individuals,* must necessarily get better and better is even now considered by most people to be untenable in the light of their indubitably outrageous behavior toward one another; but the equivalent *collective* concept — that their social circumstances and conduct must necessarily improve — has come to seem almost axiomatic. On this basis, all change represents progress, and is therefore good; to change anything is, *per se,* to improve or reform it.

For instance, to dilute the marriage tie to the point that it no longer impedes virtually unrestrained promiscuity, or provides the possibility of a stable home to bring up children in, is a reform; to oppose this, reactionary. Likewise, to abolish all restrictions on what may be published, or publicly shown as entertainment, is a reform, even though it opens the way for an avalanche of pornography, and gives full freedom to operate to the sinister individuals and interests engaging in this unsavory trade. Again, the legalization of abortion is a reform as, we may be sure, will be claimed in due course for legalization of euthanasia. In Germany, under the Nazi regime — a decidedly liberal one in this field — sterilization of the allegedly unfit was practiced with a zeal and expedition that must be the envy of our eugenists, forced, as they are, to adopt such paltry devices as offering transistor radio sets to putative Indian sterilees. The Nazis were able, too, to dispose painlessly and expeditiously of unproductive citizens — what the French, with their usual brutal realism, call "useless mouths" — without any questions being asked. All this Nazi-sponsored progress was summarily interrupted by Germany's military defeat in 1945, but after a decent interval has been resumed in the victor countries.

It was, of course, Darwin's theory of natural

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selection which first popularized the notion that Man and his environment are involved in an endless and automatic process of improvement. Who can measure the consequences of this naive assumption? What secret subversive organization, endowed with unlimited funds and resources, could hope to achieve a thousandth part of what it achieved in the way of discrediting the then prevailing moral values and assumptions, putting in their place nothing more than vague, sentimental hopes of collective human betterment, and the liberal mind to entertain them? It is interesting to reflect that now, in the light of all that has happened, the early obscurantist opponents of Darwinian evolution seem vastly more sagacious and farseeing than its early excited champions. There must be quite a number today who, like myself, would rather go down to history even as a puffing, portentous Bishop Wilberforce than, say, a Herbert Spencer, or a poor, squeaky H.G. Wells, ardent evolutionist and disciple of Huxley, with his vision of an earthly paradise achieved through science and technology; those twin monsters which have laid waste a whole world, polluting its seas and rivers and lakes with poisons, infecting its very earth and all its creatures, reaching into Man's mind and inner consciousness to control and condition him, at the same time entrusting to irresponsible, irresolute human hands the instruments of universal destruction. It must be added that, confronted with this prospect when, at the very end of his life, the first nuclear explosion was announced, Wells turned his face to the wall, letting off in *Mind at the End of its Tether* one last, despairing, whimpering cry which unsaid everything he had ever thought or hoped. Belatedly, he understood that what he had followed as a lifeforce was, in point of fact, a death wish, into which he was glad to sink the little that remained of his own life in the confident expectation of total and final obliteration.

The enthronement of the gospel of progress necessarily required the final discrediting of the gospel of Christ, and the destruction of the whole edifice of ethics, law, culture, human relationships and human behavior constructed upon it. Our civilization, after all, began with Christianity, not the theory of evolution, and, we may be sure, will perish with it, too — if it has not already. Jesus of Nazareth was its founding father, not Charles Darwin; it was Paul of Tarsus who first carried its message to Europe, not Henry Ford, or even Hugh Hefner. Jesus, by dying on the Cross, abolished death-wishing; dying became thenceforth life's glory and fulfillment. So, when Jesus called on His followers to die in order to live, He created a tidal wave of joy and hope on which they have ridden for two thousand years. The gospel of progress represents the exact antithesis. It plays the Crucifixion backward, as it were; in the beginning was the flesh, and the flesh became Word. In the light of this Logos in reverse, the quest for hope is the ultimate hopelessness; the pursuit of happiness, the certitude of despair; the lust for life, the embrace of death.

The liberal assault on Christianity has been undertaken with a fury and fervor which today, when the battle seems to have been conclusively won, is difficult to comprehend. I well remember my surprise, in a television encounter with Bertrand Russell, at discovering in him an almost demented hatred of Christ and Christianity, to which he attributed all the horrors and misfortunes mankind has had to endure since the fall of the Roman Empire. As I attempted to confute this view, I found myself watching with fascination a red flush which rose steadily up his thin stringy neck and spread to his face. The receding chin, the pasty flesh, the simian features struck me then as suggestive of a physical degeneracy (doubtless to be expected in view of his family history) matching the moral degeneracy he had done so much to promote. It was a cruel, and doubtless unfair, light in which to see him; a product, I daresay, of the passionate and physically agonizing conflict in which I found myself involved. At the time, however, the impression was particularly vivid and convincing, and abides with me still.

The script of this strange encounter is still extant, and reveals the philosopher in a most unphilosophic mood; roaring and bellowing like any atheist orator at Hyde Park Corner. In the light of it, I derived a lot of quiet amusement from the tributes paid to Russell by eminent churchmen when he died. To the best of my knowledge, there was not one single ecclesiastical or clerical voice raised to point out that the great influence Russell undoubtedly exerted was inimical to every Christian moral assumption and standard of Christian behavior. It is rather as though one were to find in the lit-

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Muggeridge

(Continued from page 28)

erature of the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals a panegyric to bullfighting or fox hunting.

If the purpose of life is, indeed, to pursue happiness here and now, on this earth, then, clearly, it can only be realized in terms of what this earth provides — that is, of goods and toys, of egotistic success or celebrity, of diversions like speed and travel and narcotic fantasies; above all, of sexual pleasure and excitement which alone offers an additional illusory sense of transcendental satisfaction notably lacking in another Cadillac, a trip to Tibet or to the moon, or a press of autograph hunters.

Sex is the only mysticism materialism offers, and so to sex the pursuers of happiness address themselves with an avidity and dedication seldom, if ever, surpassed. Who among posterity will ever be able to reconstruct the resultant scene? Who for that matter can convey it today? The vast, obsessive outpouring of erotica in every shape and form; in book and film and play and entertainment, in body and word and deed, to that there is no escape for anyone. The lame and the halt, the doddering and the infirm, equally called upon to squeeze out of their frail flesh the requisite response. It is the flesh that quickeneth, the spirit profiteth nothing; *copulo ergo sum*, I screw, therefore I am — the new version of Descartes' famous axiom. All possible impediments swept away; no moral taboos, no legal ones, either. An orgasm a day, however procured, keeps the doctor away. Pornography, like Guinness, is good for us, as numerous learned doctors and professors have been at great pains to establish. For instance, a Dr. O. Elthammer of the Stockholm Child Psychiatric Department, who, I read in a letter to the *New Statesman* — that faithful chronicler of the liberal mind through every twist and turn and tergiversation for half a century past — has "proved conclusively" that pornography does not have a corrupting effect, by showing to some children between the ages of 11 and 18 a film of a woman being raped by a group of intoxicated louts and then forced to have intercourse with a dog. "None of the children," the doctor triumphantly concluded, "was frightened during or after the film, but a proportion of the older girls did admit to being shocked," while two adults also present "needed psychological treatment for a month afterward." One idly wonders what happened to the dog.

I see the great liberal death wish driving through the years ahead in triple harness with the gospel of progress and the pursuit of happiness. These our three Horsemen of the Apocalypse — progress, happiness, death. Gorging, left hungry; sedated, left restless; telling all, hiding all; in flesh united, forever separate. So we press on through the valley of abundance that leads to the wasteland of satiety, passing through the gardens of fantasy; seeking happiness ever more ardently, and finding death ever more surely.

Pollsters

(Continued from page 14)

(www.gallup.com) and Reuters-Zogby *(www.zogby.com)*. Another consistently accurate poll, especially close to election day, is the bipartisan Battleground Poll *(www.voter.com)* conducted by Republican pollster Ed Goeas of the Tarrance Group and Democrat Celinda Lake of Lake Snell Perry & Associates.

At the time of this writing (late September), almost all these polls are showing either a tie or a one-to-two point Bush lead. Even *Newsweek*, after a severe pummeling over its mid-month survey, had *Bush* with a slight lead by September 30, going into the first debate. It is certain that Gore has peaked and has started falling behind Bush, which makes a return of Mean Al likely in the upcoming debates. By the time you read this, the debate, and the post-debate polling, will have washed over the land and be gone. Gore may again be up or Bush may be pulling away — or, more likely, the race will remain close. My advice is: keep tabs by Internet on a cross-section of reputable polls, plan to vote, tell your friends to vote, and, above all, continue to ignore whatever you might hear from William Saletan, Eric Alterman, and the dubious poll takers at *Newsweek*.

Coattails

(Continued from page 22)

not work without a solid ground game in place. The seeds of victory require fertile soil in which to grow. Good ground operations do not cost a great deal to build. What *is* needed is dedication from the candidate, his staff, and volunteers to make personal contact with voters and to implement a solid voter registration program and absentee ballot and get-out-the-vote drill. No legislative leader need ever say "If only we had known it would be this close ...." There is no excuse for not building the foundation for a last minute turnaround.

Nothing matches the exhilaration of an election-night landslide. Ultimately, however, campaigns that win *deserve* to win, at least to some extent. A hapless dolt sitting back, waiting for coattails alone to bring victory will have a rude Wednesday awakening. But when good things happen election night, those who planned for victory should take a bow.

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CRITICUS

Messing With Texas

BY G.B. TENNYSON

NOT A few commentators appeared to be a bit bemused when Governor George W. Bush said at the Republican Convention, "Don't Mess with Texas." Doubtless they were from the chattering classes of the Northeastern Corridor and did not recognize that the expression is a Texas commonplace. Criticus can remember when he, too, was somewhat baffled by this Texas-ism. One sees it on bumper stickers, license plate frames, tee-shirts, and souvenir mugs. After a decade of frequent visits to Texas for professional and family reasons, I think I can make a stab at explaining it to the West Coast chattering classes and in so doing explain some things about Texas overall. Which may be a worthwhile undertaking, considering the possibility that a ranch in the little town of Crawford near Waco may soon become a new Western White House.

Constant Readers may recall the piece in *CPR* of 1994 subtitled "Criticus Does Dallas." Though I don't mention it in the article, I was struck even back then by the ubiquity of the "Don't Mess with Texas" signs. Over the intervening years I have inquired of Texas natives what this saying means. From their not always cogent explanations I have come to the conclusion that it is above all another expression of Texan exclusivity or what others might call Texan braggadocio. That is to say, it is the feeling of uniqueness that is probably more pronounced in Texas than in any other state.

Yes, Virginia is very conscious of being the Mother of Presidents and South Carolina is ever mindful of being the Cradle of the Confederacy, leaving poor North Carolina to style itself "the vale of humility between two mountains of conceit." And yes, New Yorkers absurdly still think anything west of the Hudson is uncivilized, and Alaska — bigger than Texas — has as its motto "North to the Future," while, of course, California is the Golden State. Every state lays claim to some sort of uniqueness. But in Texas it's just more so.

In my judgment this excessive self-regard and the injunction to the world not to mess with it stems in large measure from the fact that Texas, almost alone among the states, was actually once a separate nation. To be sure, there was the very short-lived California Bear-Flag Republic, and, before they were appropriated by the United States, the Hawaiian Islands were some kind of independent realm. But the Bear Flag flew over the "California Republic" at Sonoma for

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only a few days and was essentially a maneuver by Fremont to hasten an American takeover of the territory. As for Hawaii, even with a monarch and a court, it was for most of its history closer to being a tribal unity than a nation, though I am sure there are those who would consider such a description slighting in the extreme. We'll probably hear from them.

WHEN IT comes to Texas, it was indeed an independent republic. It had its own currency, albeit a rather shaky one, and was recognized as a nation by the United States, Britain, France, and Belgium, though not of course by Mexico. The Republic lasted for nine years after being wrested from the domination of another country, much as the United States created itself in rebellion against its parent nation. That sense of having been intentionally forged and having been truly independent has shaped the Texas ethos at least as much as the vast size of the place (it is larger in area than France, larger than France with the Benelux countries and Switzerland thrown in). That ethos lies behind "Don't Mess with Texas," making the expression the Texan equivalent of the American revolutionary rattlesnake flag bearing the legend "Don't Tread on Me."

These ruminations about Texas were prompted by Governor Bush's remark but were intensified by a kind of mini-tour of the heart of Texas that Criticus was treated to by an indulgent daughter almost at the very time that Dubya was speaking. I had done the Dallas-Fort Worth area a number of times, leading to such delights as, among other things, discovering one of the last Piggly Wigglys (in Lewisville), visiting Fort Worth's stockyards and its fine Kimbell Art Museum, and paying respects to the Confederate soldier standing guard at the imposing Denton County courthouse. But I had not ventured much farther, not even to Houston though often entreated to do so by an old friend. Nor was Houston on this new itinerary, but south central Texas was. This meant Austin, San Antonio, and the Texas Hill Country. It also meant, as in Dallas, daily 100+ degree temperatures and a humidity that would turn Palm Springs into a ghost town.

Passing through Waco (home of Dr. Pepper), we drove to Austin, almost three hundred miles south of Dallas. Criticus, living in the past, thought of Austin as more or less exclusively the state capital and the home of the University of Texas. It is both those things but also now a music center and, in its "Silicon Hills," a burgeoning high tech computer center. It calls itself the "Live Music Capital of the World" because it is packed with clubs offering all kinds of live music — blues, Tejano, jazz, swing, country-western, reggae, rock, even something called *conjunto,* which remains unexplained to me, but from my limited Spanish I infer it to mean some kind of fusion of styles. What is more, Austin brought the world the Whole Foods Market chain and, better yet, a Texas-only chain called Central Market, a grocery heaven with an almost European flavor. We were close to the center of all this, staying in the Driskill Hotel, a grand structure of marble halls and polished columns reminiscent of the Los Angeles Biltmore, though in fact the Driskill is the older. It was built by a cattle baron whose models in 1886 would have been elegant European hotels. Happily, that quality has been preserved. From it one can walk to the countless live music clubs in one direction or to the state capitol building in the other, for Austin is still of manageable size. Unsurprisingly, the Driskill is a center of political and business wheeling and dealing in Austin, and doubtless is now housing more political figures and hangers-on and major league A_____ - journalists who want to mess with Texas more than ever before. Just don't let them mess with the Driskill.

THE MOST arresting of Austin's distinctions is the summertime phenomenon at the Congress Avenue Bridge over the Colorado River that runs through the city (no, not that Colorado). This is the nightly flying of the bats. Yes, bats, bats, and more bats. Thousands of them, hundreds of thousands of them, millions of them. These bats are all adult females and their batlings, the adult males for mysterious reasons remaining at home in Mexico after the breeding and apparently awaiting the winter return of the bat mothers and babies. These border-crossing bats summer widely over south central Texas, but their greatest concentration is under this one bridge in Austin. It has something to do with the construction of the bridge, for its underside provides deep, dark recesses with endless perches onto which the bats cling by day, a kind of inadvertent cave but blessedly over the river, so that bat guano doesn't cover everything in sight. Considering that they have crossed the border without papers and are making their home by the river, I suppose they could be called "wet bats." (Note to *L.A. Times* — this is a jingoistic, gringoistic joke.)

As twilight comes, the bats emerge to feed upon in-

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sects. Crowds, one evening including the Criticus contingent, gather in a park by the bridge and along the river to watch the bat excursion. At first only a few emerge, but as the last light in the dim west fades, more and more emerge, and then more than that, and yet still more, until the sky is absolutely blackened with them and they have made their own night. Suddenly it is also nature's night, and the eerie scene is no longer quite visible. Although they remain well overhead, they still seem somehow threatening, and the faint of heart would feel themselves in the midst of a horror movie titled *The Bats.* They would be cringing at the thought that the multitudes of bats might at any moment decide to descend, to entangle themselves in one's hair, to perch on one's shoulder, perhaps to peck at one's lips and to suck blood from one's neck. The Austin bats are not Vampire bats, let alone Count Draculas coming out at night, but the tug of folk superstition is powerful. In contrast, Criticus knows of a bat enthusiast (a chiropterophile?) — and there are actually many — who subscribes to bat magazines — and there are those too — who would presumably like to spend his summers in Austin to watch this nightly show. For most of us, once is enough. Back to the Driskill.

The next day it is onward to San Antonio, eighty miles further south and, with a population of more than one million, approximately twice as large as Austin. This city is known, of course, for the Alamo. Texans have succeeded in enjoining upon us all the need to remember it, like Bunker Hill and Yorktown, though it is more like remembering the Maine. For the Battle of the Alamo was a defeat for those struggling to secure independence from Mexico. The 189 volunteers were besieged for thirteen days by an immensely larger Mexican force under Santa Anna, and in the end all 189 perished. But given the tremendous losses they inflicted on the Mexicans, it was a Pyrrhic victory for Santa Anna. When the "Napoleon of the West," as Santa Anna styled himself, claimed it as a "glorious victory," his aide said: "One more such 'glorious victory' and we are finished."

THE AIDE, Col. Juan Almonte, was prescient. A little over a month later Texas forces under Sam Houston defeated and captured Santa Anna at the Battle of San Jacinto and secured independence for Texas. (Did Houston shout at Santa Anna: "Don't mess with Texas"?) So the Alamo is for Texas the defeat that brought victory, the death before resurrection, and thus the symbol of Texas liberty. The defenders' names are inscribed on a marble cenotaph in the plaza in front of the Alamo. They include Davey Crockett, Jim Bowie, and William Travis. The entire Alamo complex is looked after by a group fittingly named The Daughters of the Republic of Texas, proving the Critical maxim here offered free of charge to our rulers who are feminizing the military: Sons Fight, Daughters Remember.

SAN ANTONIO'S other major attraction is the River Walk, a meandering stretch of the San Antonio River sunken blow street level in the center of town, lined with shops, restaurants, sidewalk cafes, and bedecked with tropical foliage, including even bearing banana trees. One may walk the several miles or take a river cruise. At one end of this stretch there is access to a shopping mall and the Alamo Plaza. All along the Walk there are steps up to the streets that cross over the river, so there is ready access from many points and no streets are blocked off. It's a bit touristy, certainly, but it's an ingenious way to create a pedestrian area in the center of a city that keeps that center alive.

In San Antonio we stayed at what they call a boutique hotel, far different from the Driskill, but not without its own charm. Ours, the Havana, had once been an inn catering to cigar salesmen, hence its name. The hotel was all turn-of-the century wood, with huge chests and tester beds and ancient sepia-colored photographs of baseball teams and beauty queens and San Antonio based military groups from the First War. In other words, a certain preciousness reigned, but it was not overwhelming. Like the Driskill on the grand scale, the Havana on a small, stylish scale marked a pleasant change from the increasingly common sterile international hotel that seems to be taking over the world, or at least the areas around airports. Moreover, the Havana was within walking distance of River Walk and the route took one through Travis Square with its excellent statue of a Confederate soldier along with what looks to be Nelson's Column but with Travis himself on the top. From William Travis to the Confederacy to the mainly Latino-staffed Havana to the very modern River Walk was a quick passage through Texas history.

A rather different piece of Texas history was waiting for us as we moved on into the Texas Hill Country, on the edge of which both Austin and San Antonio sit. This is a huge area of south central Texas where many

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ranges of hills rise up from the surrounding prairie to create a very different landscape. One could hardly call it alpine, for these hills almost never rise above 2,000 feet but they must have appealed to the early settlers as at least the closest they could come to some variety in the countryside. Those early settlers were Germans, as reflected by many of the town names in the Hill Country — New Braunfels, Boerne, Luckenbach (population 25; where Willie Nelson holds his July 4th picnic), and Fredericksburg. The latter is considered as something like the capital of the German Hill Country settlements, and it was to Fredericksburg that we were bound. We drove via Boerne, Comfort, and Kerrville, all German-founded towns.

When the 'Napoleon of the West' called the Alamo a 'glorious victory,' his aide said, 'One more such victory and we are finished.'

When settled in 1846, Fredericksburg was in Comanche country, so the founder, one John O. Meusebach, arranged a peace treaty with the Indians. It may be Texas tall talk, but this treaty is said to be the only American treaty with Indians that was never broken by either side. There is certainly some degree of Texas tall talk about Fredericksburg in general. The German heritage is played upon at every turn. Shops, hotels, inns, bed-and-breakfasts (we stayed in one of these to test the range of Texas hostelries), restaurants, landmarks, squares — everything imaginable except, oddly, for streets — have German names. The town is the birthplace of Admiral Chester Nimitz, World War II commander of the Pacific Fleet. There is a Nimitz Museum in the restored Nimitz Hotel that chiefly commemorates the war in the Pacific, and a George Bush (the senior one) Gallery of the Pacific War. Outside of town there is a bat cave where the flying mammals come out at night. Such caves abound in the Hill Country. Did some ancestral Transylvanian memory attract the first settlers to the region?

BATS APART, the emphasis is on various German traditions from earlier years. There are Easter fires commemorating the smoke signals sent up by Indians when the peace treaty was signed. There are *Schuetzenfeste,* that is, marksmanship contests, and of course an *Oktoberfest* and a *Christkindlmarkt.* There is a *Maibaum,* or May Pole, in the *Marktplatz* telling the history of Fredericksburg. There is a *Vereinskirche,* or union church originally serving several denominations. There are German choirs. There are substantial two-story dwellings with broad front porches that are known as "Sunday Houses" (our B&B was one such). These are houses that in earlier times prosperous farmers built to use only on weekends. They would come into town for Saturday socials and Sunday church services. It's an interesting form of conspicuous consumption conjoined with piety.

And yet, and yet, much of this is more apparent than real. The town now really exists for tourists. There are enough antique shops for a city twenty times the size of Fredericksburg (population 8,613). There is much written to the effect that German is still spoken in many shops and restaurants. The only German Criticus heard in Fredericksburg was spoken by himself to uncomprehending clerks and waitresses, most of whom were in any case Latino. In one restaurant calling itself *Der Linden Baum* (correct German would be *Der Lindenbaum)* we discovered that its specialty of *Wienerschnitzel* was prepared with pork, whereas of course the dish must be prepared with veal. When inquiry was made as to why there was this departure from tradition a nonplused Criticus was told that the proprietress of the Linden Tree was opposed to the inhumane way in which calves are raised, fed, and slaughtered. That's not only not German, that's also not Texas — that's California!

Thinking of that, one could say that Fredericksburg is a kind of Texas answer to Solvang and very possibly more authentic. Criticus does not know for a fact but he does rather doubt that the first Danish settlers really did construct windmills in Solvang. By contrast the architecture of Fredericksburg, though said to show many German traces, looks very largely like that of a nineteenth-century southwestern frontier town, now much domesticated. Another way to put it is that Solvang looks touched by the hand of Disney and Fredericksburg looks touched by the hand of John Wayne.

Onward, ever onward moved the Critical tour but now in speedy return-to-Dallas mode. This made it easier in passing through Johnson City to justify

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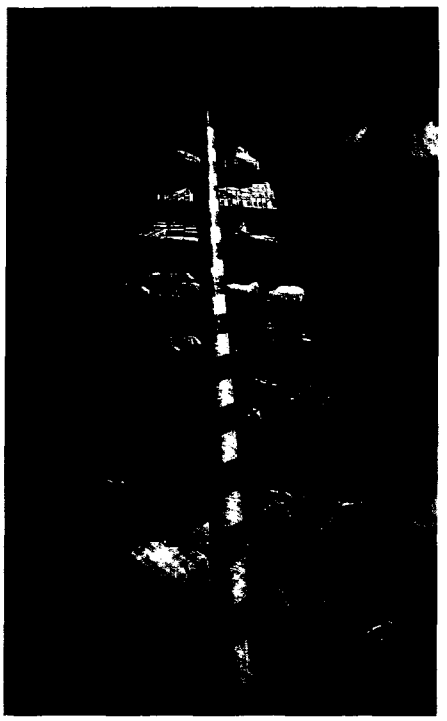
avoiding the various LBJ and Ladybird landmarks. Partisanship also played a role. We did stop for peaches, a Hill Country specialty, with a season extending over several months as each of the many varieties of peach comes to ripeness. And the Critical eye was caught in Burnet, in the northeastern part of the Hill Country, not by its fame as the bluebonnet capital of Texas (none then in bloom in any case), but by a large, white, hangar-like building on the side of which in bold letters stood the following: Confederate Air Force Museum. We stopped. It is the headquarters of the Confederate Air Force Hill Country Squadron. It is, of course, an intentionally tongue-in-cheek conceit, one employed in other chapters elsewhere. The planes and memorabilia preserved in the building are of World War II vintage. Probably the *Guide Michelin* would rate it simply as *intéressant,* but Criticus would put it up one notch to *mérite un détour.*



The *Maibaum* in Fredericksburg, Texas

WE PASSED not too far from but did not venture into Crawford to gape at the Bush Ranch. Report has it that the place is now crowded with media people and their gear and we could never have come very close. Instead, our last rest stop would be at another Texas institution, a "Whataburger" fast food outlet. Now Texas does seem to have an infatuation with fast food chains of every denomination. It seems to revel in stringing them one after the other in long stretches as entry markers on both sides of the road into any sizable town or city. But Whataburger is rather different. Yes, you can find them near airports and in fast food alleys where the other chains cluster, but you can also find a Whataburger standing alone in a small town, such as we did. Though it is now in eight states and Mexico, most of its more than eight-hundred outlets are in Texas. The chain still enjoys a special love-relationship with the state. Its fare is often yearned after by displaced Texans, as expatriate Californians yearn after See's candy and as displaced Carolinians used to yearn for Krispy Kreme doughnuts until the recent expansion.

Because Whataburger is so specially Texan and because it is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary this year, Criticus had to stop at one. This season the interiors are filled with engaging old photos and advertisements of early Whataburgers glorifying its larger than usual hamburgers (something like the world's first quarter-pounders) and glorifying its Texasness. It is still privately owned by its founding family, the matriarch of which still lives in her modest house of fifty years ago in Corpus Christi where the chain began. Would-be franchisees, take note: it would not surprise Criticus to find that it is on the verge of yet further expansion. Alas, and at the risk of messing with Texas, Criticus feels compelled to report that he found little that is special about its offerings. It's pretty good hamburger food, but it is still fast food. He could wish they would offer something really native, say, fried green tomatoes or fried okra. As it stands, its most distinctive quality is its name, and I won't mess with that.

At the end of the day, then, what can Criticus pass on about messing with Texas? Many there are who dislike and even resent Texas, finding it and its people too brash, too arrogant, too boastful in their attitude about the state. There are certainly grounds for such a view, but it has become an outdated stereotype. Texas is far more cosmopolitan and, alas, increasingly more like the rest of the country than its old reputation suggests. Both Austin and San Antonio were for Criticus surprisingly sophisticated and the Hill Country more varied and geographically interesting than expected, even if rather less German than foretold. Of course Texas still clings to its sense of being special. Its unique history, its blend of south and west, its feeling of apartness within the larger national unity make it also more interesting than commonly supposed. Criticus himself in his snobbery would never have devised so inelegant a caution as "Don't Mess with Texas," but in truth Texans say the phrase, as Governor Dubya did, with a wink in their eye. It not only means "Don't Tread on Me," but also "We're proud to be here" and maybe even a bit of "Come on Down." Not such bad sentiments to be held by a nation's leader.

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Infamy Revisited

BY DENIS J. NORRINGTON

MOST HISTORIANS, and most Americans, unquestioningly believe the United States entered World War II after being surprised by an unprovoked Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. This historical conclusion has been reinforced and elaborated on by scholars and journalists since that tragic day in December of 1941, and has been re-enacted in several Hollywood movies, prominently including *Tora! Tora! Tora!* and the Oscar-winning *From Here To Eternity.*

This view of America's entry into World War II rests on four assumptions: 1) the U.S. government was surprised by the December 7 "sneak attack"; 2) the attack was unprovoked; 3) the government had no way of knowing such an attack was imminent because we had not yet broken Japanese radio transmission codes; and 4) even if it *had* broken the codes, the government still had no advance knowledge of the attack because the Japanese fleet under Admiral Nagumo maintained strict radio silence during its fateful voyage from Hitokappu Bay naval base in northern Japan to its rendezvous point for the launch of its bomb-and-torpedo-laden aircraft 200 miles northwest of Oahu.

Now, almost 60 years after the Japanese attack, an author, Robert Stinnett, has subjected these assumptions to a meticulous, relentless attack, introducing large amounts of new historical evidence. Stinnett's credentials are impeccable: he is neither radical McCarthyite witch-hunter nor left-wing revisionist. As it happens,

Day of Deceit

by Robert B. Stinnett

The Free Press,
2000, 386 pages,
$26, cloth.

Stinnett served under Lieutenant George Bush in World War II from 1942 to 1946. Following his military service, he worked four decades as a photographer and journalist for the *Oakland Tribune,* quitting his job at the newspaper in 1986 to devote full time to researching and writing this book. *Day of Deceit* is thoroughly-documented historical research at its best. The author's arguments and conclusions come with full and complete citations, including 65 pages of footnotes and 45 pages of reproduced original documents. Stinnett permits readers to question or confirm for themselves his rather astounding conclusions. Also, despite the massive amounts of information he has accumulated in support of his thesis, Stinnett remains cautious about some of his conclusions, especially where available evidence still leaves gaps.

But the book's overall message is that compelling evidence exists indicating that FDR deliberately employed an overall economic, political, and military policy designed to provoke the Japanese into attacking and that later the president knew the Japanese were going to attack well in advance of the attack's occuring. Stinnett's "smoking gun" is a memorandum prepared by one Lieutenant Commander Arthur McCollum, Annapolis graduate, former naval attache to our embassy in Tokyo in the 1920s, and, by 1940, the man overseeing the Far Eastern Desk of the Office of Naval Intelligence in Washington, D.C. McCollum's eight-page memorandum, discovered by the author almost by accident, outlined the policy the Roosevelt administration followed from August 8, 1940, almost right up until that fateful morning of December 7, 1941.

THE MCCOLLUM memorandum contained recommendations that led to the embargo against Japan of oil and scrap iron in 1941, established a policy of giving all possible aid to Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese Nationalist government, then at war with Japan, called for "pop-up" cruiser and submarine forays into Japanese waters, and relocated the Pacific Fleet's main units to Hawaii where its location be-

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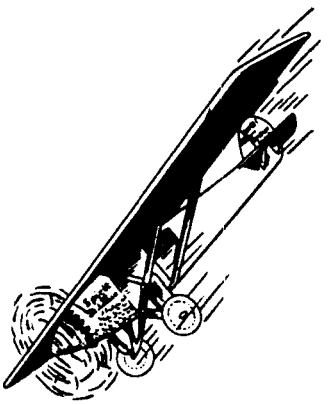
came both deliberately provocative and a tempting target for possible attack. McCollum concluded his memorandum by stating that "it is not believed that in the present state of political opinion the United States government is capable of declaring war against Japan without more ado. Therefore ... if by these [recommendations], Japan could be led to commit an overt act of war, so much the better ...." McCollum's memo was seen and approved by many in FDR's administration, including the president.

STINNETT PRESENTS mountainous documentary evidence to disprove the assumption that the United States had no advance knowledge of anything the Japanese were doing because we did not break their radio transmission codes until after December 7. He shows that the United States had been monitoring and decoding some Japanese diplomatic and other confidential government communiques since the 1920s. Furthermore, by 1940 a cordon of U.S. listening stations throughout the Pacific were monitoring *and decoding* Japanese diplomatic and military communications. This "loop" included stations in the Philippines, on Guam and Wake islands, in the Aleutians, and on the West Coast of the continental United States from Seattle to San Diego. In addition, British, Dutch, and Chinese radio operators forwarded messages they retrieved to appropriate U.S. decoding personnel. So active, aggressive, and successful was this effort, that the United States had successfully cracked the Japanese navy's top secret *Kaigun Ango* (Navy Code) by fall 1941, three months before Pearl Harbor. Stinnett provides documents from the records of the individual listening stations including de-coded Japanese messages. Interestingly enough, as indications increased in intercepted Japanese messages that war was becoming imminent and that the Japanese were planning offensive strikes against U.S. and other allied targets in the Pacific/Asian theater, the *only* U.S. commanders not informed about the content of these



messages were Admiral Kimmel and General Short, naval and army commanders at Pearl Harbor. Even station "H" in Hawaii forwarded the contents of decoded messages directly to Washington without first notifying Kimmel or Short.

Finally, Stinnett goes after the assumption that the Japanese maintained radio silence just before and during the Pearl Harbor assault. He shows 1) that fleet commander Admiral Nagumo had to send low-level radio messages to regroup his fleet after a fierce North Pacific storm had scattered it and that a freak sunspot eruption permitted a U.S. listening station in the Aleutians to pick up these normally limited-range transmissions; 2) that communications sent by Japanese military commanders on Formosa almost a week before December 7, 1941, refer directly to a planned attack on Pearl Harbor and that these communications were undoubtedly picked up by U.S. Pacific island listening posts; 3) that U.S. listening stations probably also picked up Admiral Yamamoto's famous "Climb Mount Niitaka" message to Admiral Nagumo giving the go ahead for the attack.

The contents of *all* intercepted messages were routed to Washington to be read by FDR and other civilian and military members of his administration. Much documentary evidence possibly bearing on the author's thesis remains so "sensitive" that the government continued to deny some of Stinnett's FOIA requests right up until the book's publication.

So what should be made of all this? Plenty of reasons exist for rethinking the blind FDR worship so often displayed by so many Americans. But before rushing to condemn Roosevelt as a monster responsible for the loss of 3,000-plus military and civilian lives at Pearl Harbor, Stinnett advises that we place FDR's dilemma in context: We now know that Hitler and the Nazis had definite plans for expanding their empire to the Western Hemisphere once they had defeated their Europen enemies (sorry, Pat Buchanan). That means FDR *knew* that delying America's entry into the war only increased the direct Nazi threat to the United States by increasing Hitler's chances of knocking out Britain and her allies. Roosevelt faced a population at least 50 percent "isolationist" and strongly opposed to military action against the Axis powers.

PERHAPS THE 3,000-plus deaths and the more than 2,000 non-fatal casualties and the destruction of our outdated battleships *was,* as one of McCollum's associates later remarked, "a cheap price to pay" to unify Americans behind fighting and winning World War II. But if that's so, there is no reason now not to answer all questions about what really happened on and before December 7, 1941. This book is a good place to start.

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These Religious and Community leaders support the January ruling in *Thomas v. Anchorage Equal Rights Commission* which upholds First Amendment religious freedom guarantees against lawsuits that would force landlords to choose between sacrificing their livelihood or renting against their religious convictions to unmarried couples. That ruling is now under review by an 11-judge panel of the U.S. 9th Circuit Court of Appeals.

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